

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

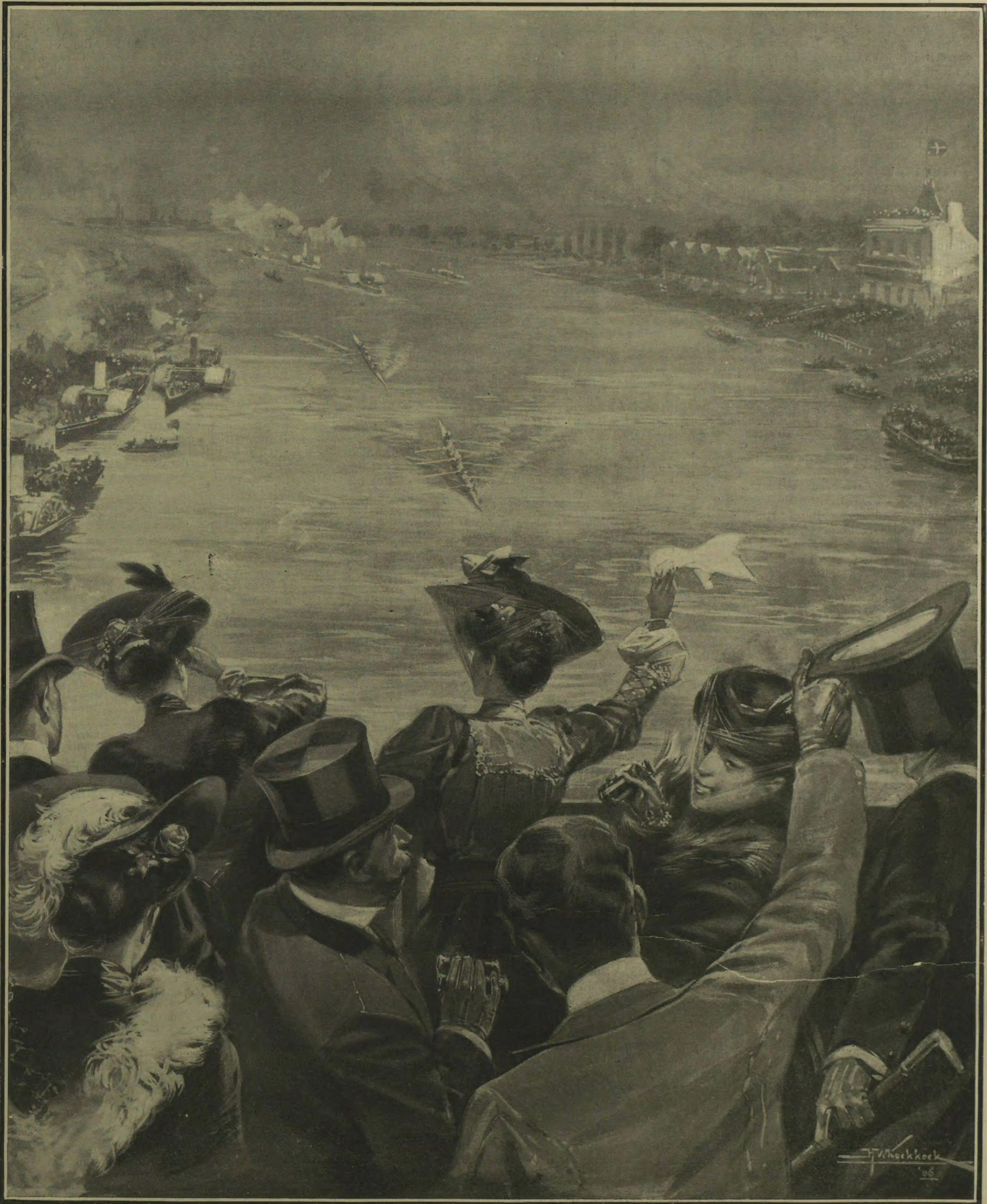
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CAMBRIDGE'S EASY WIN: THE BOAT-RACE OF 1906, SEEN FROM BARNES BRIDGE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE COURSE.

In the University Boat-race on April 7, Cambridge led from the start, and finished three-and-a-half lengths ahead. Oxford fought a plucky losing battle, but had no pace, and at the end were greatly distressed. The time by Benson's chronograph was 19 min. 24 sec.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

YOU could not find between the four corners of the world a person who had less inclination to discuss education than I have. Nor does the forthcoming Education Bill tempt me to anything more than an occasional and violent letter. But I think there is always something a little entertaining about the conjectures with which the various sections of the public attempt to prophesy the truth of the matter. The smallest hint is seized upon as a concession; a phrase is expanded into a whole philosophy of religion. It is not proper for us in these columns to discuss the actual example; so let us take a fictitious but very symbolic one. What happens in such cases may be expressed by the following parable.

A certain very sagacious Cabinet Minister was, like all sagacious men, married, and, like all sagacious men, affectionately henpecked. On his going out of his house one morning, his wife provided him with a list of things on a piece of paper—a list of things which he was to buy or order or ask about, or I know not what. This piece of paper, of course, he promptly lost. It was picked up by a poor journalist attached to a Radical paper. He handed it on to a rich journalist attached to a Conservative paper, who was his bosom friend. This man, again, showed it to a curate, and this curate, in the heat of argument, showed it to an atheist. All these persons took careful notes of its verbal contents, because they all knew that it was an authentic document dropped by this Cabinet Minister. And this Cabinet Minister was he who had in a few days to introduce a new Education Bill.

Now, it is as well, in any historical matter (such as this which I narrate), to have at least our documents very definite and clear. And the actual document given by the Cabinet Minister's wife to the Cabinet Minister ran as follows—

"Immediate. Salt. Sweep. The garden. Spectacles. My letter."

The Radical read this list. The Conservative read it. The curate read it. The atheist read it. They were all journalists, I need hardly say; indeed, I know only one man (he lives in Cornwall) who is not a journalist.

Next day the Radical's newspaper (which was called the *Barricade*) came out with the following statement: "We have reason to believe, upon good authority, that the Minister of Education has openly expressed his intention as to the forthcoming Bill. 'The necessity,' he says, 'may be called immediate. The poor, the salt of the earth, must no longer be neglected. A sweep should have equal opportunities with an earl. He should share something of the mansion, the garden, the gallery, in a word, the culture of a more favoured class. Such spectacles as those presented by our slums should be no longer possible. You need not regard my letter as confidential.'"

On the same day, by a singular coincidence, the Conservative's paper (which was called the *Topgallant*) had also a report of an alleged utterance by the Minister for Education. The right honourable gentleman was represented as saying—

"I meditate no immediate change; the English are a conservative people. The old love of the salt water will still keep us sturdy and enable us to sweep the seas. Order and continuity are as necessary to the State as they are to the garden. No!" said the Minister for Education with a manly English emotion, "No! I want no pedantic School Board spectacles or bothering about the A B C. E, for England, is my letter!"

A High Church weekly called the *Chasuble* contained the following comment upon the same subject—

"We are relieved to hear that the Minister for Education, contrary to some of the more incoherent predictions of the Nonconformists, has no intention of seriously disturbing the religious tradition in this country. His words (of which we have private information) were particularly precise: 'The need of the soul for piety is, in my judgment, an immediate need. For if the salt lose its savour, wherewith shall we savour it? We do not for a moment underrate the democratic element—

Who sweeps the floor as by Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

But paganism everywhere carries its own doom, and the garden of Epicurus led inevitably to the horrible spectacles of the amphitheatre. The Church has found it necessary to say with all the more emphasis, 'Not one of my words, not one even of my letters, shall pass away.'"

It is curious that the only other paper which contained a similar definite prediction was the *Bible-Smasher*, an energetic Secularist print. It said—

"The Minister of Education is going to make an end of superstition and flap-doodle. He speaks with a plainness that will make the orthodox writhe. 'Christianity,' he says, 'must be smashed, and smashed

immediately. Any people with any salt of humour would sweep such an abomination from their midst. You shall hear no more of the Garden of Eden. Learn, as Carlyle said, to read the Bible without theological spectacles. How can one express oneself about such trash? A Big D is my favourite letter.'"

Thus did the accidental loss of the domestic memorandum of the Minister for Education cause a most frightful convulsion in the outer world of journalism; but the Minister for Education scarcely took any notice of this outer convulsion, because the loss of the paper caused an even greater convulsion at home. And when he did bring in his Education Bill, it was something altogether different from anything that any of these four superlative idiots had expected of it. And if you want to know what it was, I cannot tell you without talking politics, which I am determined in these columns not to do. Probably we shall know what his decision was in a comparatively short time.

But in the name of everything that is rational, do not let us discuss the Education problem. There is no immediate probability of its being settled correctly, because we happen to live in a quite curiously and exceptionally bigoted age. We do not commonly realise this, I know; but that is simply because we do not understand the chief quality of the problem. We think that we are more tolerant because we do not any longer burn people. We think that we do not burn people because we prefer to argue with them. But this is a complete historical mistake. We do not burn people because we have not really argued with them. Men burn other men (a thoroughly disgusting thing, beyond a question) when they have discovered that no arguments have any effect. Thus, for instance, the Americans, that humane and progressive people, burn a man when they really discover that he is incurably black, that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin. Exactly in the same way the old religionists (very wrongly, without doubt) burnt heretics when they found that their heresy was unalterable by argument, was as unalterable as blackness. But the modern world has invented an entirely new kind of bigotry. The old bigot said, "I will argue with you because I know you are wrong; I will even kill you because I know you disagree with me." The new bigot says, "I will not argue with you, because I know you agree with me." The old bigot could not tolerate disbelief. The new bigot cannot even believe in disbelief. The old would extirpate the existence of heretics; the new would deny that existence. He would destroy his enemies before they are born.

I am writing this in a train, and I cannot get on with it because there are two very modern ladies next to me who are talking about vegetarianism and the higher life and spiritual evolution and other amusements of the rich. They are both wealthy and well dressed, as this kind of revolutionists always are; and they are both good looking, with the bleak blue eye which marks that esoteric religion of theirs; the only religion on earth that has in it no agnosticism and no humility. One of them is trying to show that she is very liberal, that she is not a fanatical vegetarian, which seems to me unthinking; for surely if a man is on moral grounds a vegetarian, he ought to be a fanatical vegetarian. He ought to be furious even with the moderate meat-eater: we do not tolerate a temperate cannibal. Meat-eating is either not wrong at all (as I think), or it is very wrong. In this it resembles murder, religion, and most other interesting things. But the lady who is talking has all the intrinsic modern thoughtlessness in thought. She says, in my personal and physical presence, the following calm and extraordinary words: "Of course the question is whether you still have the craving. If you can overcome the craving for meat, then you are on a higher plane. But as long as you have a craving to do anything, you ought, of course, to do it." The craving shows that you ought to do it." This charming generalisation (which should be of extraordinary interest to the whole human race, including tyrants, pick-pockets, dipso-maniacs, Thugs, fraudulent solicitors, men who like eating glass, men who wish to be worshipped as the Messiah, opium-smokers, bhang-eaters, military conquerors, sophists, blood-drinkers, and others too numerous to mention), this generalisation, I say, moves me immensely. I feel strongly impelled to rise simply and suddenly in my place and speak as follows: "Madam, you will not, I am sure, be anything but delighted to learn that you have convinced me. A man should always do a thing as long as he has a genuine craving to do it. How true that is! How illuminating! And yet how simple! My present genuine craving, which is to strike you suddenly and sharply on the bridge of the nose, is one which, as it is far less destructive than meat-eating, will certainly command your theoretical acquiescence, and which also has this advantage, that it will give some sort of glimmering notion of what sort of a world you are living in. As you say, I may survive the craving. After beating you on the nose for a day or two the desire itself may leave me. Then, no doubt, I shall pass to a higher plane."

THE ENVOYS GO HOME.

"PARTURIUNT MONTES." The great Conference, that went close to demand a European war for its making, has come to an end. The envoys, tired of their long holiday in the pleasant little Spanish seaport town, are free to return to their labours in the world's capitals, and the unprejudiced observer, looking at the work of their hands, as exhibited in the "Acte Général de la Conférence d'Algeras," finds little to justify even the cost of the hotel accommodation.

The decisions arrived at are, roughly speaking, six in number. First come the regulations for preventing the importation of arms and ammunition into the Shareefian Empire; and in order to realise the value of the endeavour to stop a profitable but disreputable trade by means of resolutions, one has first to look at the extent of Morocco's coast line, and then to consider the force available to make the regulations of the Conference effective. Next we come to a declaration concerning the system of collecting existing taxes in Morocco, and the imposition of new ones. Here again we might point out that taxes in Morocco are collected generally at the point of the sword, and when the Sultan, at the suggestion of Great Britain, began to abolish these methods of taxation, the people responded by paying nothing at all. Hence the depleted national Treasury and the necessity for foreign loans. Regulations follow designed for Custom Houses and the repression of smuggling and fraud; and here some good work may be done should no international complications arise in the doing. Following these, we find a charter for the Morocco State Bank, which is to co-operate in the improvement of the financial situation; and here danger lies, because it must be evident to everybody that, if the Moors decline to acknowledge any liability to the State Bank, the financiers behind it will appeal to the Powers, who will be faced with the danger of trying to control the Sultan's unruly subjects. The declaration following, which sets out the measures to be taken for reorganising the military police in eight open ports, is the one that threatened to upset the Conference altogether, and though the difficulty has been overcome, it must not be expected that the French and Spanish officials, limited as they will be in their numbers, can do all that is required to effect proper organisation. Spain is to administer the ports of Tetuan and Larache—and the Spanish genius does not lend itself to administration. Casablanca and Tangier may be served better by the mixed French and Spanish police, and, of course, the remaining ports under the control of France will be well looked after. The last decisions of the Conference relating to the open door do not call for extended notice here and now.

History repeats itself. Europe is going to do for Morocco what it has already done for Turkey, and the weakness of the Conference, the radical instability of its decisions, will be understood as soon as the Sultan of Morocco has decided to play the game that Turkey has played so long and so successfully in Europe. The Moors know by now, if they did not know before, that neither France nor Germany, nor Great Britain, has any sense of duty towards Morocco. The last-named sold Morocco to France in return for the Convention, and France only agreed at the eleventh hour to give the thirty years of trading rights. Germany stood up to champion the Moors, but was prepared to sit down again in return for Mogador and the Sus country. She did not get her price, because France, in alliance with England, was strong enough to talk about the rights conferred upon her by her occupation of Algeria, and responsibilities on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, founded upon possession of a shadowy frontier line hundreds of miles to the east.

Even now there would be little ground for complaint about the work of the Conference if it promised to have any permanent value, or to bring Morocco under the influence of the best side of Western civilisation—if the Powers had come to a decision that would lead to better security for life and property in the Shareefian Empire. Did their labours avail to avert the famine and the pestilence that make Morocco their hunting-ground from time to time, could they bring about an improvement in the administration of the law and extend the area of the national education, there would be nothing but welcome for such work. In point of fact, the Conference was not designed to benefit the Moors at all, but to bring about some appropriation of the profits supposed to arise from a piece of international brigandage. Beyond some pious but unnecessary recommendations by the delegates, suggestions that savour somewhat of impertinence, nothing has been done that is likely to settle permanently the affairs of Morocco.

To the full extent that Germany has been able to check French designs and to call a halt to movements with which this country would not have sought to interfere, Prince Bülow is justified of his action that threatened the peace of Europe in the summer of last year; to the full extent that France has been able to show her eastern neighbour the true value of the *entente* with this country, the Conference has been a triumph for Paris. To this country the result may be deemed satisfactory because the wedge manufactured in Berlin with an end that was supposed to be thin enough to get between the Anglo-French understanding, has failed to act. Spain is pleased because one of her delegates presided over the Conference, which was held on Spanish territory and recognised Spanish interests in Morocco; and inasmuch as diplomats are content to postpone a trouble they cannot hope altogether to avert, it may be presumed that the other great Powers are pleased. Meanwhile, in order that the True Believers may have no doubt but that the action of the Powers is founded upon nothing but the highest motives, the preamble of the Act that is resulting from the Conference begins "Au nom de Dieu tout puissant." By the way, and in this connection, it may be remarked that the proceedings in the slave markets of Morocco always begin with prayer. Moreover, there is a statement in the Bible relating to the removal of a neighbour's landmark that such pious delegates should not have overlooked.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JOSEPHINE." ETC., AT THE COMEDY.

POLITICS in this country would seem to exercise a curiously levelling influence on every sort of intellect. The wittiest of talkers, when embarked on political discussion, glides insensibly into stock-rhetoric and platitude, and the most brilliant leader-writer does but dress in fine clothes the prejudices of the man in the street. And if the atmosphere of politics dries up the inspiration of conversationalist and journalist alike, it has an equally deadening effect on the dramatist who would make Parliamentary questions the theme of either his fancy or his satire. Mr. Bernard Shaw, of course, as an Irishman, is an exception to this as to so many rules. But his fellow-craftsmen have been less lucky, and even that chartered Puck of our theatre, Mr. J. M. Barrie, approaches perilously near the confines of commonplace and actual silliness in his new political travesty, "Josephine." That is a droll notion, to be sure, of Mr. Barrie which typifies John Bull as a sturdy farmer, Buller by name, who is constantly naming one or other of his several sons as his eldest-born, according as each shows a capacity for keeping his house in order; and shows, under assumed names, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, the present Premier, and a perpetually growing figure that stands for Labour, assuming in turn the post of heir. But the putting of Mr. Chamberlain in petticoats as Josephine; the insistence on this lady's pushfulness and the Balfour son's languor and vacillation and John Bull's somnolence; the sending up of the two fairies known as Free and Fair (Trade) alternately into the flies as Mr. Buller changes his mind; the inscription on the Parliament doorway, "Winston lives here"; the flirtation of the sons with Miss Blarney—all these things are too much on a level with the ordinary cartoons of the day not to grow a little wearisome on the stage, especially as Mr. Barrie has no drama behind his fun, and does not mind occasionally descending to rather tedious buffoonery. The best piece of acting at the Comedy is Mr. Dion Boucicault's presentation of Josephine, which is quite irresistibly laughable and clever; but half-a-dozen other distinguished players, including Miss Eva Moore and Mr. Louis Calvert, do their best for the piece. Companion "Josephine" are a "toy-tragedy" of Mr. Barrie's, styled "Punch," in which there are some rather feeble jokes at the expense of Mr. Bernard Shaw and his beard; and a miniature melodrama of Mr. Austin Strong's dealing with the siege of Delhi, and entitled "The Drums of Oude," in which Mr. Matheson Lang acts with welcome vigour and force.

"DINNER FOR TWO," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Sir Charles Wyndham's season at the theatre named after him ended last week. For the concluding nights of the run of his revival of "The Candidate" Sir Charles strengthened his bill by the presentation as curtain-raiser of an amusing little comedietta of Mr. Carton's, which had only previously been seen at a matinée. "Dinner for Two," as this piece is called, describes the imbroglio in which a man-about-town is involved when he finds that a lady whom he has promised to dine out is the wife of an old friend, who calls on him just about the time of his dinner engagement. The parts of the two men obtained last week admirable exponents in Mr. Yorke Stephens and Mr. Edmund Maurice.

MUSIC.

THE Bach Choir came suddenly to the fore last week, making two appearances at the Queen's Hall, first with a miscellaneous concert, secondly with the magnificent Mass in B minor which of all the immortal works of John Sebastian Bach is perhaps the most remarkable. For Dr. Walford Davies, who conducted, there is nothing but praise, not on the ground that the performance was beyond the reach of criticism, but because it was in so many parts distinguished in the best sense of the word. It is not easy to produce in a concert-hall the devotional atmosphere that belongs of right to the cathedral, but we felt that sufficient of the proper feeling was obtained on this occasion, and that the whole of the Mass was rendered in the fine devotional spirit in which it was written.

There is difficulty in obtaining a nice balance of parts in a large choir, and unquestionably there were moments when the lack of that balance was noticeable; but, on the other hand, some of the choruses seemed to leave very little to be desired, notably the "Qui tollis peccata" and the "Et Incarnatus." Solos were quite finely rendered, the first duet sung by Miss Gleeson White and Miss Ada Crossley sounding throughout the evening, not only by those gifted ladies, but by Mr. Gervase Elwes and Mr. W. Forington, whose rendering of "Quoniam tu solus sanctus," with its quaint accompaniment, was one of the notable performances of the soloists. The chorus was not always as prompt in attack as it was in the difficult "Credo" and "Sanctus" (which were rendered splendidly), and its pianissimo was often to seek; but, for all that, the performance was one upon which all who took part in it have a right to congratulate themselves, and it must be put to the credit of musical London that a large and sympathetic audience was attracted. It speaks well, too, for the enthusiasm of the chorus that some hundred singers came especially from Oxford to take part in the performance. Let us add that even Mr. Morrow, for all his skill and painstaking endeavour, could not reconcile us to the use of the high trumpet, which Bach delighted to honour.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society was given at the Queen's Hall on Thursday night last, when Mischa Elman made his first appearance under the auspices of the Society, and the programme included one of Liszt's many symphonic poems and a selection from the "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz. The special novelty was a set of four old English dances by Dr. Cowen, who, of course, conducted.

Starting with Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, which was delightfully rendered until the brass took rather undue advantage of the sforzando in the last half-dozen bars, the orchestra was heard to special advantage in the Berlioz music, the strings being particularly fine.

Dr. Cowen's old English dances display the composer's acquired gift for orchestral writing and natural gift of melody, though perhaps for maypole and peasant dances and work of that sort the scoring was a thought too elaborate. A small orchestra would surely have been more appropriate for village music. The concert came to an end with Liszt's symphonic poem "Tasso," rendered with rare effect, and suggesting some of the moods that came to Wagner in later years.

We have often had cause to complain in this place of the interpretation put upon music by those who seek to find a programme at any cost. Schumann wrote: "Where a youth of eighteen hears a world-famous occurrence in a musical work, a man only perceives some rustic event, while the musician probably thought of neither, but simply gave the best music that he happened to feel within him just then." But there is a programme, of course, when a musician writes one or endeavours to interpret action upon the stage in terms of music, and on that account the revival of "L'Enfant Prodigue" by the pupils of Madame Cavallazzi Mapleson at His Majesty's Theatre last week had a special interest, because we heard once more some of the most effective programme music that has ever been written.

THE TROUBLE IN NATAL.

THOSE who objected most strongly to the wholesale executions that followed the murder of Inspector Hunt can now see that the Natal Government acted with considerable measure of justification when it threatened resignation if the decisions of the courts-martial were over-ruled. One of the native chiefs of Natal, Bambaata by name, has been cutting telegraph wires, pillaging farms, and seizing arms and ammunition, and it became necessary to send a detachment of mounted police and volunteers against him. A field force engaged at Impanza was compelled to abandon its laager and retire on Greytown after heavy fighting with the rebels, and it was found necessary to form a column 700 strong to take the field against Bambaata and his following. Women and children were brought in promptly from outlying farms, and it is quite clear that had the Government not been prepared to take strong and effective measures a rising of great proportions would have followed Bambaata's rebellion. Happily, the local authorities have been watching the situation very closely and have shown themselves quite ready to deal with it.

Since our page of English sportsmen for the Olympic games went to press, it has been announced that Messrs. A. E. W. Anderson and G. E. Larner are not to compete at Athens. The games will be held on April 21, in the presence of King Edward.

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Alight at Trafalgar Square Station, "Baker-Loo" Railway.
COLISEUM GRAND REVUE, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1906.

LONDON HIPPODROME

(Alight at Piccadilly Circus Station, "Baker-Loo" Railway).

CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.



PALMS IN HONOUR OF THE KHEDIVE.

As the Khedive was on his way to visit the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon, youths of the Siwah tribe formed a long line across the desert, and waved palm branches in honour of his Highness.

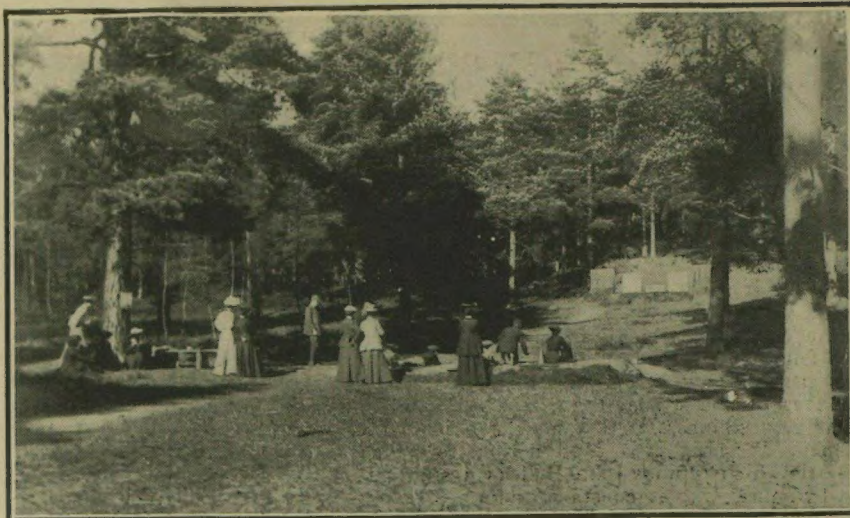
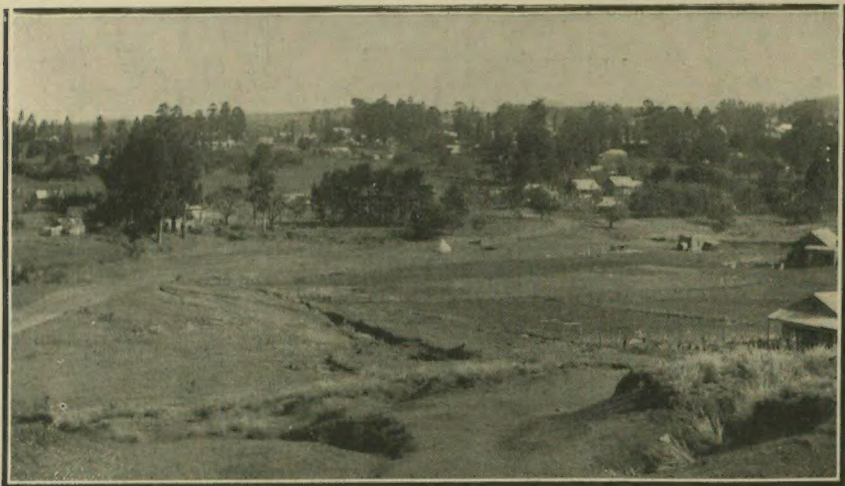
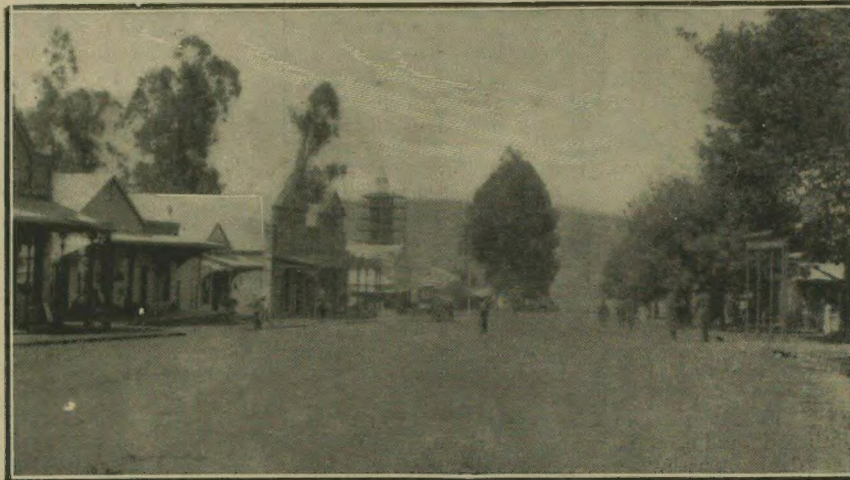


Photo. Park.

A RIFLE-RANGE FOR LADIES AT BYFLEET: PRACTICE AT FIFTY YARDS. Lord Roberts's advice, that we should be prepared for invasion by learning marksmanship, has been taken to heart by the ladies of Byfleet.



GREYTOWN, NATAL: A GENERAL VIEW.



HIGH STREET, GREYTOWN.

Mr. Cross.



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, GREYTOWN.



MAGISTRATE CROSS ADDRESSING NATIVES ON HIS APPOINTMENT.

THE NATIVE RISING IN NATAL: GREYTOWN. THE VICINITY OF THE FIGHTING.

Bambaata, the rebel chief, attacked the Natal Police near Greytown on April 4, and several men were killed and wounded. The party went out with the magistrate to Keate's Drift, to bring away the Europeans, three ladies and a boy. The rebels crawled up through the grass, and rushed the party, and were only beaten off after severe fighting. Greytown has a population of about one thousand white people. It possesses a town hall that cost £10,000, a court-house, jail, barracks, a Masonic hall, a public library, and a park. Recently it became popular as a health resort, but Bambaata's tactics are not likely to help its reputation.



THE TERROR OF NAPLES: VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.



Photos. Fumagalli.

THE FUNICULAR RAILWAY, OVERWHELMED BY LAVA.

THE GREAT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS AND DESTRUCTION OF THE FUNICULAR RAILWAY.

Vesuvius, which has been unusually active for some time, broke into full eruption on April 8. The funicular railway and the Observatory were destroyed, and the village of Bosco Trecase was surrounded by lava. The mountain villages were abandoned, and even in Naples there was panic.

THE PRINCE'S FAREWELL TO INDIA: THE END OF THE TOUR.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST RECENTLY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

Nomad Camp.

Boundary-stone.

Boundary-stone. Spin Boldak Fort.

Boundary-stone.

Chaman Fort.



THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE: SCENES ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

1. The Prince and Princess of Wales driving near the Fort at Chaman, six hours by rail beyond Quetta. (Their Royal Highnesses drove from Chaman to the Fort, a distance of one mile.)
2. A Curious Mess-trophy at Chaman: Cross presented to the 127th Baluchis by the late Lord Napier of Magdala. The cross is about two and-a-half feet high.
3. How the Globe-trotter Visits Afghanistan: Boundary-stone round which tourists walk to say they have been in Afghanistan.
4. Types of Natives on the Frontier.



"Renown."

GOOD-BYE TO INDIA: THE "RENOWN" LEAVING KARACHI.

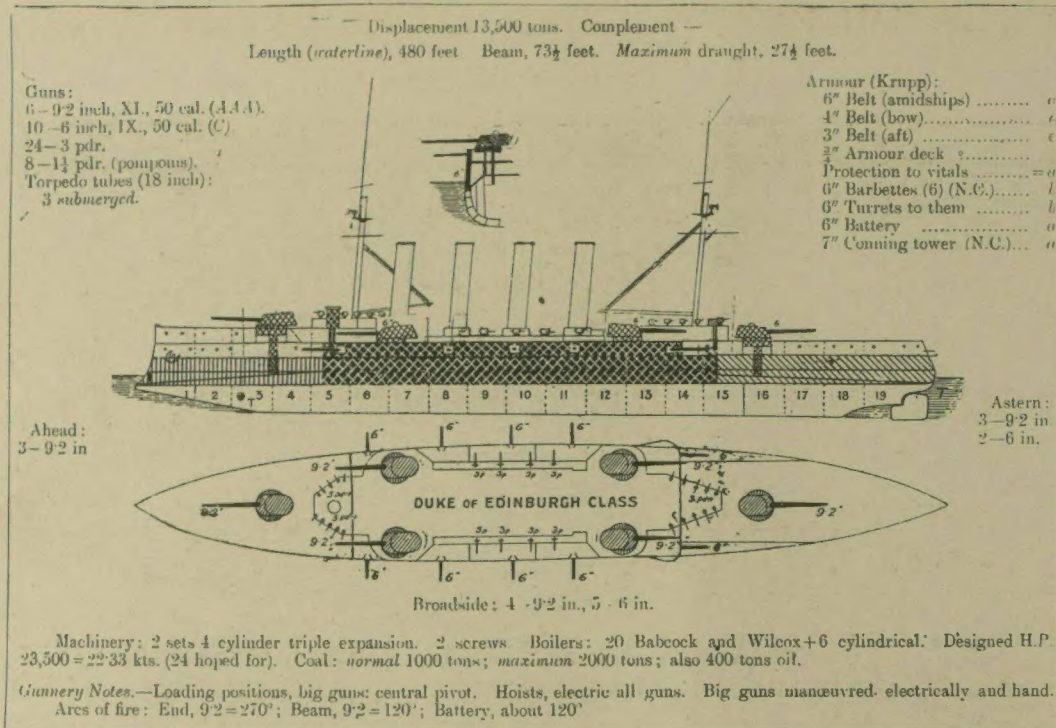
Mr. Begg writes: "A fleet of feluccas, steam-launches, steamers, and even dredgers (the smoke from one is visible on the right of the drawing), started out after the 'Renown,' some of the larger boats following the war-ship for several miles. In the distance is Manora Point."

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Sir Charles Dilke **Parliament.** moved but afterwards withdrew, an amendment to the Workmen's Compensation Bill, requiring compulsory insurance so as to guarantee against insolvency of the employer. Mr. Gladstone said that the Government could not accept compulsory insurance without further inquiry. Nevertheless, when convinced that further additions should be made to the Bill, he would be glad to accept proposals in conformity with its main purposes. There was no logical reason, for instance, for the exclusion of clerks and shop-assistants.

Mr. Cherry, Attorney-General for Ireland, agreed that the jurisdiction of Judges in Ireland in respect of contempt of court was arbitrary, but regretted that legislation during the present Session was impossible.

Mr. Winston Churchill, whom Mr. Arnold-Forster described as "a young man in a hurry," stated that he was not an encyclopædia, but merely an Under-Secretary. Mr. Lyttelton's Constitution for the Government of the Transvaal had passed into the Never-Never Land, a sort of chilly limbo reserved for the discarded and abortive political tinguished men. The Orange



IS THE "DUKE OF EDINBURGH" DEFECTIVE?—THE SUSPECTED CRUISER.

DESIGN REPRODUCED FROM MR. F. T. JANE'S "FIGHTING SHIPS," 1905-6.

The "Duke of Edinburgh" has put into Portsmouth in trouble, and she is to be examined to see whether her design is not wrong. Her 6-in. guns are said to be useless in a sea-way, and one gun recently broke loose during a gale. Of the same class are the "Black Prince," "Warrior," "Natal," "Achilles," and "Cochrane"; and if one of the sister-ships is wrong, all are.

progeny of many dis-
River Colony must be
treated as generously
as the Transvaal. In
the Transvaal there
must be a British
majority, but in the
Orange River Colony
the majority must be
Dutch. The position
of the National Scouts
must be considered by
Sir J. West
Ridgeway's
Committee. The Gov-
ernment desired that
British
authority should rest
on two legs
instead of
one—upon

at home and abroad that while many of the leaders of
thought and action in this country have signed,
or are about to sign, the address, a memorial to
Lord Milner is taking shape in South Africa, and a
community has been formed in Cape Town to obtain
signatories throughout the colony. Moreover, a meeting
was held last week in Johannesburg, representing a great
many societies, including the Association of Engineers,
the Transvaal Institute of Mechanical Engineers and
Mining Surveyors, the Associations of Mine Managers
and other associations, six in all, comprising over two
thousand members. A resolution was passed *nem. con.*

desire was to be a painter. By a curious irony, however,
it was as an architectural artist that he was to establish
his reputation. He
travelled abroad a
great deal, and made
an exhaustive study
of Gothic buildings.
In 1865 he first ex-
hibited at the Aca-
demy, when he sent
in a picture of the
Sainte Chapelle. He
wrote ex-
tensively
on artistic
subjects.

Lord
Alwyne
Compton,
who died
on April 4,
and was till
recently

Bishop of Ely, was a son of the second
Marquess of Northampton and uncle of
the present Peer. At Cambridge he was
the contemporary of Westcott, C. B. Scott,
Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby), Alfred Barry,
and Llewellyn Davies. He was fourteenth
Wrangler in the year when Isaac Todhunter
was senior. The Bishop was much inter-
ested in the work of the Bible Society,
of which his nephew, the Marquess of North-
ampton, is President. One of his latest tasks
was to preside over the Committee of Con-
vocation which revised the service for the
King's Accession Day.

Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., who repre-
sented Great Britain at the Algeiras Confer-
ence, has been decorated by the King with
the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael
and St. George. Sir Arthur, who already
holds the G.C.V.O., the K.C.B., and the
K.C.I.E., is his Majesty's Ambassador Extra-
ordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. Peters-
burg. He served formerly in Persia.

The Duma Elections. As we ventured to
suggest last week,
the elections for the Russian Duma have
resulted in the very considerable triumph of
the Constitutional Democrats, who, if they
do not

secure a
preponder-
ating voice
in the new
Legislative
Assembly,
will at least
be heard
very dis-
tinctly in

all matters relating
to the Empire's prob-
lems. Indeed, cer-
tain official organs
have already begun
the work of abus-
ing the new political
party, the organ of
Count Witte denoun-
cing them as Repub-
licans, while the
Novoe Vremya declares that Constitutional democrats
are the enemies of Russia. In the meantime the
Opposition organs are acting very wisely, and taking
their triumph with a modesty that is distinctly promising.



Photo. Russell.
**THE LATE LORD ALWYNE
COMPTON.**

Formerly Bishop of Ely.

the assent of Dutch as well as British.
The importation of Canadian cattle engaged
the attention of both Houses. Lord Burgh-
clere informed the Peers that though he had
voted against the Act of 1866 a repeal might
inflict serious harm on trade. Earl Carring-
ton also thought it would be a great respon-
sibility if the restrictions were suddenly
removed. In the House of Commons, Mr.
Cairns, in support of his Bill, quoted statistics
to lay the "disease" bogey. Mr. Price
went further, and declared that Canadian
cattle were the healthiest in the world. Mr.
William O'Brien said the passage of the Bill
would render unprofitable 200,000 holdings
in Ireland. Mr. Walter Long suggested
that Mr. Price wanted a beast which, after
spending three and a half years of its life
in Canada, could in six and a half weeks be
turned into the market as prime fat Norwich.
The Government took no official side, but
the Bill was talked out.

Mr. Augustine Birrell introduced his
Education Bill.

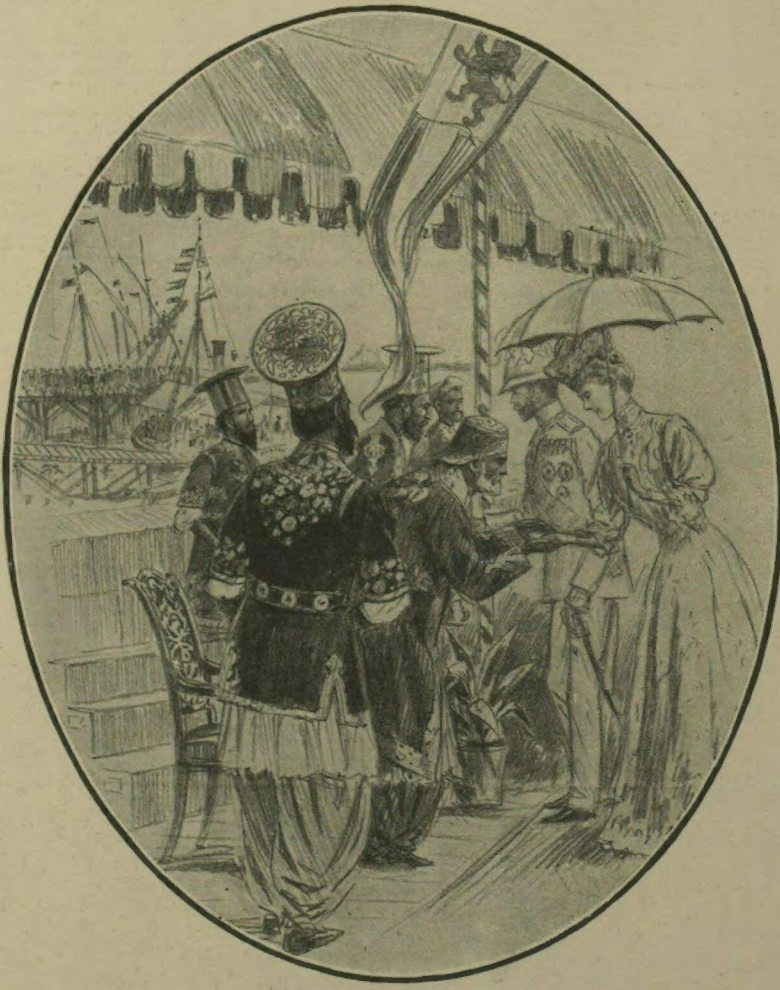
The Milner Memorial. On the initiative of
Sir Bartle Frere, son
of the great Pro-
consul who served South Africa to the best
of his considerable abilities in the early

'eighties, an
address will
be pre-
sented to
Lord Milner
setting out
the desire of
the signa-
tories to
place on re-
cord their
high appreciation
of the services
rendered
by Lord Milner
in Africa to the
Crown and
Empire. Men
of all shades
of public
opinion are
being invited
to associate
themselves
with this
public tribute
to a
statesman who
is

Photo. Elliott.
**THE LATE PRINCESS OF
SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.**

Daughter of the King of Denmark.

admitted on all sides to have
circumstances of extraordinary
difficulty, and it is
significant of the appreciation with which his work is
regarded by a very large section of the community



**GOOD-BYE TO INDIA: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS
SAY FAREWELL AT KARACHI.**

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN INDIA.

Mr. Begg writes: "The principal native ruler of the district, the Mir of Khairpur, a
very old man, bade the Princess 'Good-bye' with deep emotion. He held her Royal
Highness's hand in one of his and stroked it with the other."

deploring the attempts which have been made in
England to misrepresent the actions of Lord Milner
and to belittle his services to the Empire, and reiter-
ating their previous expressions of confidence in Lord
Milner and their unbounded admiration of his character.
These meetings and resolutions will do much to counter-
act the effect of the somewhat hasty and ill-judged
proceedings that London has witnessed.

Our Supplement.

The engraving, "Peace! be
Still," which we give this week
as our Special Supplement, is from the famous painting
by Dietrich. The artist, who is a pupil of Ludwig
Richter, has a great reputation as a religious
painter. He has painted many canvases on sacred

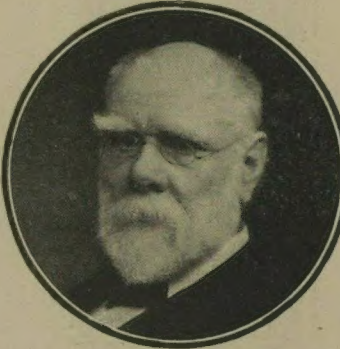


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
**THE LATE SIR WYKE
BAYLISS, BART.,**

Architectural Artist.

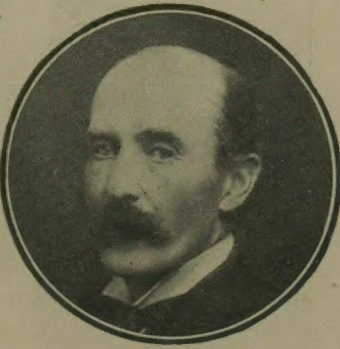


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
**SIR ARTHUR NICOLSON,
BART.,**

New G.C.M.G.

THE PILGRIMS' BANQUET TO LORD CURZON AT THE SAVOY HOTEL.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



Lord Milner.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

Lord Roberts.

Lord Curzon.

Mr. Lyttelton.

LORD ROBERTS GREET'S LORD CURZON, THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

The Pilgrims' Club entertained Lord Curzon of Kedleston at the Savoy Hotel on April 6. Lord Roberts presided, and Lord George Hamilton proposed the toast of the guest of the evening. Among those present were the United States Ambassador, the German Ambassador, and Lord Milner.

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S POLITICAL AND DRAMATIC SATIRES.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



Mr. Buller (Mr. Louis Calvert).

Colin (Mr. Kenneth Douglas).

Josephine (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

James (Mr. Graham Browne).

"JOSEPHINE," A REVUE IN THREE SCENES, AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

"Josephine" is understood to be a satire of recent politics. Our dramatic critic discusses both pieces in "The Playhouses."



Judy (Miss Eva Moore).

Punch (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

Super-Punch (Mr. A. E. Anson).

"PUNCH," A TOY TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT, AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

In this fragment Mr. Barrie is believed to have a sly thrust at Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is probably represented as Super-Punch.

THE PERDITION OF PETER SHERARD

BY W. E. NORRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.



SOMEBODY once propounded the aphorism that a man who never makes mistakes never makes anything. Poor Peter Sherard had certainly made nothing worthy of mention in the course of his cheerful, harmless, useless little life, except a large number of friends; but, on the other hand, he had contrived to steer singularly clear of blunders, solecisms and other causes of offence until that fateful June evening when he quite forgot that he was engaged to dine with Mrs. Rawstorm and went merrily down to Ranelagh, instead, with a gay party. It was an unpardonable lapse of memory; yet, inasmuch as Mrs. Rawstorm passed for being a good-natured woman, and really was, within limits, good-natured, it might have been pardoned, had he dealt with it in a different spirit when he met her at Lady Paton's on the following evening, and when, after reminding him of his broken pledge, she asked:

"And now, Mr. Sherard, what have you to say for yourself?"

She was tall, stoutish, capable of assuming a somewhat formidable aspect when incensed. Peter was short, rotund, a lover of peace, and constitutionally disposed towards timidity. A shock of recollection staggered him, a wave of hot remorse overwhelmed him; if he had only abased himself before the justly aggrieved lady, doubtless all would yet have been well. But just because he was ashamed and a little frightened, he had the unhappy inspiration of adopting a jocular tone.

"My dear Mrs. Rawstorm," he exclaimed, "there's only one thing for me to say! Ask me again, and upon my sacred word of honour, I won't throw you over a second time!"

It was a pity that everybody laughed. Mrs. Rawstorm saw nothing funny in effrontery and had the strongest objection to being laughed at. Her rejoinder took the form of emphatically not asking Mr. Sherard to dine with her again and mentally erasing his name from her visiting-list. She went further than that, for she then and there conceived for one of the most guileless of mortals an aversion so violent that she could easily have credited him with the commission of any crime. Such are the workings of the feminine mind, and so dangerous is it to incur feminine hostility!

Lady Paton's dinner-party was an informal one, being a mere preliminary to bridge, which game was at that period a comparative novelty, and for the enjoyment of which she had invited just a sufficient number of guests to fill four card-tables. Chance brought Mr. Sherard and Mrs. Rawstorm together at one of them later in the evening, but the cutting of the cards preserved them from partnership. Mrs. Rawstorm was glad of that, and so was Peter, who had realised by then that he was in deep disgrace and who did not wish to make matters worse by the inept play of which he was well aware that he would probably be guilty.

"I must warn you that I'm an awful duffer at this game," said he to his *vis-à-vis*, Mrs. Heygate, a rather pretty, languid-looking young woman with whom he had but a slight acquaintance.

"Oh, well, I'll defy you to be a greater duffer than I am," was her satisfactory reply; "so we may as well agree not to apologise and not to scold one another, whatever happens."

Mrs. Rawstorm was inclined, not without reason, to fancy herself a little at bridge; while her partner, Sir Henry Paton, a Justice of the Chancery Division, was

known to be one of its most skilled exponents. Nothing, therefore, seemed to be more assured than the defeat of their feeble antagonists, who, as a matter of fact, lost no time in proving to demonstration that they had not maligned themselves. Mr. Sherard and Mrs. Heygate behaved in a way which would be quite impossible nowadays, sighing noisily, exchanging innocent interrogative glances and evincing so complete a disregard of the first principles of propriety that Sir Henry had much ado to keep his countenance. Yet—they held cards and they had the strangest luck. If they won the first game, that was because human incapacity was unequal to the feat of losing it; and the second, which took a long time, was only wrested from them by a combination of amazing folly on their part with unerring play on that of their opponents. The rubber, however, seemed to be pretty safe for those who deserved to gain it when the score stood at twenty-four for Sir Henry and Mrs. Rawstorm against six for the representatives of blissful ignorance.

Blissful they were, despite the poor outlook, inasmuch as the score-sheet above the line had a consolatory appearance for them; only Mrs. Heygate, with whom the declaration lay, seemed to experience even more difficulty than usual in making up her mind, and tried Mrs. Rawstorm's patience almost to breaking point by her prolonged hesitation. Not until she had repeatedly opened her lips, closed them again, groaned aloud, nibbled the tops of her cards and thrown tacit appeals with her eyes across the table did she at last come out with—

"Well, partner, I think I must leave it to you."

"No trumps," said Peter, with commendable promptitude.

Mrs. Rawstorm doubled and led the Knave of Diamonds, when Peter's exposed hand was found to be made up of Knave and two small Hearts; Queen, eight, seven, six of Clubs; Queen, seven, two of Diamonds; and Knave, eight, three of Spades. Mrs. Heygate played Dummy's Queen, which took the trick. She then led his six of Clubs, securing the second trick with her own Ace, and proceeded merrily with the same suit, of which she had five in her hand, including the King. As she also held the Ace of Diamonds, the inevitable result was that she and her partner scored the odd trick and won the rubber, much to the amusement of a young man named Colton, who, having finished his own rubber, had strolled up to look on.

"I say, Peter, that was a rather naughty no-trumper of yours," he remarked, laughing and shaking his head.

"Good enough to win, anyhow," retorted Peter, with a complacent chuckle. "Nothing venture, nothing have—what?"

"Fortune favours the audacious," observed Sir Henry philosophically, as he rose from his chair.

"It seems so indeed!" agreed Mrs. Rawstorm, upon whose brow heavy clouds had gathered.

She spoke with a significant emphasis which nobody noticed at the moment. Audacity, no doubt, there had been, and she had witnessed it; but she greatly feared that it had been of an order which in the long run is apt to bring well-merited misfortune upon those by whom it is displayed. At a later hour, when all Lady Paton's guests, except herself and young Colton, had left, she said to her hostess—

"My dear, I hate having to do it, but I feel I ought to warn you against asking that man and that woman to play cards in your house. Anything more barefaced than the way they cheated to-night I never beheld!"

"Good gracious! what man and what woman?" inquired the dismayed Lady Paton.

"Why, Mr. Sherard and Mrs. Heygate. In the last game of the rubber that your husband and I played with them she made signs to him to go No Trumps

on a perfectly impossible hand. She simply told him as distinctly as if she had said it in so many words that her own hand was stuffed full of Clubs, and, as he held the Queen and three others, they couldn't lose."

Colton, a rather foolish, not unamiable youth, had been listening with pricked-up ears.

"But, Mrs. Rawstorm," he objected, "what do you make out that she had to gain by passing the declaration?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned that lady impatiently; "I am not a card-sharper. Perhaps she wanted us to double. That isn't the point at all."

"But how dreadful!" ejaculated Lady Paton, aghast. "Are you quite sure about it?"

By that time Mrs. Rawstorm was absolutely sure. "I must confess that I had my suspicions all along," she said; "only, of course, one doesn't like to believe such things, and wouldn't if one could help it. Unhappily, the fact of those two being in collusion is beyond all question."

"But Mr. Sherard!" wailed Lady Paton, in sincere distress. "I should have said that he was the very last person in the world—"

Mrs. Rawstorm looked grave. "Ah, I don't know; I have never quite liked the man," she declared; although she had liked him very much until he had been so maladroit as to affront her. "As for that Heygate woman—well, we know what she is!"

Now, it is certain that nobody knew Mrs. Heygate for a swindler, and most people would have pronounced her far too stupid to be that; but accusations of another kind might have been brought against her with more show of verisimilitude, and Lady Paton, who, as it happened, had received hints that she had become an undesirable acquaintance, was not disposed to think too well of her.

"I mustn't have her here any more," she sighed.

"Nor him either, if you will be advised by me," said Mrs. Rawstorm firmly. "What I always think about these disgraceful affairs which come to light periodically is that they might so easily have been foreseen and prevented. There are just two things to be done when one detects what I was sorry to detect to-night: the first is to take good care that nothing of the sort shall occur under one's own roof, and the second is to keep silence about what *has* occurred. Because, naturally, actual proof can't be brought."

Touching the wisdom of this latter course, both Lady Paton and Mr. Colton were entirely of one mind with the speaker. They were not altogether convinced, although awe of Mrs. Rawstorm prevented them from disputing her assertion, but they would most certainly hold their tongues, they declared. Subsequently, out of consideration for a few very intimate friends of hers, Lady Paton broke this pledge in the spirit, if not in the letter, while Colton let drop a word or two which conveyed to his hearers the impression that he could tell a good deal more if he chose; but it may be pleaded in extenuation for them that, before they did this, corroborative testimony had reached them from so many quarters that they could no longer believe in the innocence of the accused. As for Mrs. Rawstorm, forty-eight hours sufficed her to relate the whole story in strictest confidence to every woman of her acquaintance. The men of her acquaintance remained unenlightened by her, because she knew how dull, unreceptive, and argumentative is the average masculine habit of mind. Similar reasons may have caused Lady Paton to refrain from breathing a word to Sir Henry, who had a tiresome way of applying the methods of the Law Courts to hearsay evidence, and who would, besides, have been sure to regard aspersions upon his guests in the light of an insult to himself.

The dethronement of the deities of Olympus leaves us without any plausible explanation of such phenomena as the history of Peter Sherard from that day forth. He could not have offended the gods, since there are no gods to offend, and some people even go so far as to maintain that there is no such thing as bad luck. Surely, however, dispassionate consideration of poor Peter's case should lead these too-confident persons to reconsider their scepticism. A well-to-do, well-conducted bachelor, no longer young, he had hosts of friends and had probably never earned for himself a single enemy up to the day when he forgot to dine with Mrs. Rawstorm. He was of a kindly, obliging temperament, gave away a fair proportion of his income in charity, knew as little about Mrs. Heygate as he did about the game of bridge, and had assuredly no more design of undermining Mr. Heygate's domestic felicity than of enriching himself by the very difficult and dangerous plan of cheating at cards. Within a few weeks, nevertheless, it became notorious that Mrs. Heygate and he were for ever meeting on the sly, that between them they were carrying on an organised

system of trickery, and that it was he who paid the dressmakers' bills which, as everybody knew, neither she nor her husband could afford to defray. The actual facts were that, during the above period, Peter did, oddly enough, encounter the lady twice at bridge-parties, that they were partners on both occasions, and that on both occasions they won a few sovereigns. Further, he chanced upon her at Tattersall's one Sunday afternoon and exchanged a word or two with her in a corner of one of the stables, where Colton, espying the couple with their heads together, took note of the circumstance. That was literally all; yet there were dozens of people who could swear to having caught glimpses of the guilty pair in the most improbable places, and dozens more who were ready to affirm for a fact that every evening of their joint lives was spent in defrauding the unwary. The persons who told these amazing falsehoods were, as a general rule, quite moderately truthful and were not more ill-natured than their neighbours. If it was not bad luck for Peter Sherard that their eyes were persuaded to deceive

that it was not Mr. Sherard, after all, who had run away with the lady, shrugged her plump shoulders and returned—

"Well, I can only say that I should have thought better of him if it had been."

The truth is that before the autumn there was nobody left to think well of that unhappy man. Even those who knew him a great deal better than Mrs. Rawstorm did were constrained to abandon his defence. The evidence of his guilt was too incontestable, they said. As for his alleged amatory intrigue with Mrs. Heygate, that was his affair. Very likely it had been exaggerated; very likely the woman had been to blame; the woman generally is. But cheating at cards is another matter; one can't ignore that sort of thing; so, although they were very sorry about it all, they felt that they would have no choice but to ignore Mr. Sherard for the future.

This they did when he returned to London early in November, having been detained abroad until then by a series of circumstances which had led him from

ask point-blank what he has done to deserve such treatment; but, simple and straightforward as that course may seem, one must be rather arrogant or else very humble to put it into practice. Peter Sherard, who was neither, did what most of us would probably have done in his place, and sulked. Of course, he felt sore and injured; but there are certain injuries which self-respect compels the victim to endure in silence. His patience and reticence nevertheless broke down at length when Elmore, one of his oldest friends, hurriedly declined to dine with him and go on to the play afterwards. He knew that Elmore was only in London for twenty-four hours on business: he did not believe in the stammering pretext of another engagement put forward by that gentleman, and he burst out with—

"Dash it! What *does* this all mean? I know I'm not quite the shot that I once was, and that may account for some fellows having arranged to shoot their coverts without my help this year; but I'll be hanged if I know how to account for my having been cold-shouldered as I have been, not only by you, but by every human being



"My dear Mrs. Rawstorm, there's only one thing for me to say!"

them and their lips to utter conscientious calumnies, then, indeed, there is no such thing as bad luck in the world.

He was without any idea, however, that the stars in their courses were fighting against him or that the Fates and the Furies had conspired together to hunt him down. After a time, he noticed, it is true, that his list of engagements was very much shorter than usual; also he wondered a little why certain friends of his who were in the habit of making up their autumn shooting-parties before the close of the season had as yet omitted to communicate with him; but it did not occur to him as possible that he could have given offence to anybody, and towards the end of July he went off to one of the German baths, as his annual custom was, in serene ignorance of the cruel things which were being whispered against his character.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Heygate fulfilled the anticipations of her intimates by eloping shamelessly with a wealthy Semite. This proceeding on her part might, one would have thought, have tended, so far as it went, to exonerate Peter; but it is well known that when a jury have made up their mind to convict, side issues which may seem to tell in the prisoner's favour do not move them. Mrs. Rawstorm, when somebody remarked

Germany to Switzerland and thence to Northern Italy. The very first time that he walked from Mount Street, where his flat was situated, to Pall Mall he encountered three ladies driving and two men on foot, not one of whom saw him. That struck him as rather queer; but queerer still was the behaviour of sundry cronies of his whom he found chatting together on the steps of his favourite club and who, at the sight of him, dispersed with one consent and fled multivious. What the dickens was the matter with everybody?

That something pretty bad must be the matter he was forced to conclude; for, although in the course of the next few days he came across several men who did not absolutely refuse to speak to him when he hailed them, their manner very clearly intimated that they had no wish to prolong the conversation: while Lady Paton, whom he intercepted one afternoon as she emerged from a shop in Bond Street, not only eluded his outstretched hand, but dived hastily into her brougham, head first, gathering her skirts about her as though to avoid contact with a leper. Yet he had been upon the best of terms with Lady Paton for years!

How ought a man thus suddenly and inexplicably shunned to act? He can, if his conscience be clear,

who has come near me of late! Elmore, old man, we needn't stand upon ceremony, you and I. Just tell me, like a good chap, why I'm sent to Coventry, will you?"

Mr. Elmore's embarrassed countenance conveyed a mute and rather reproachful entreaty that the question might not be pressed; but Peter, with some excusable warmth, pressed it.

"Don't look at me as if I had been caught robbing a church! Come!—what deed of darkness am I supposed to have perpetrated?"

It was doubtless the duty of a true friend to tell him, and doubtless a true friend who had entertained any hope of his innocence would have told him; but the disconcerted Elmore, having spoken with more than one self-styled witness of Peter's nefarious conduct, was unable to feel any such hope, and only saw in this persistence an ill-advised exhibition of bravado. He answered evasively that he had been away, that he had not seen any of their common acquaintances for some time, adding, with not unkindly intention—

"Perhaps your imagination has been playing you tricks. One is apt to imagine things when one is out of sorts, and you don't look very fit, Sherard. You've been abroad for your health, haven't you? I should go abroad again if I were you; I should really."

(To be concluded.)

CIVIL, NAVAL, AND MILITARY SNAPSHOTS.



Photo: Tupper and Lewis.
NEW BUILDINGS, WHITGIFT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
The new buildings for technical education at Croydon were opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury on March 22.

THE KAISER PRESENTING MEDALS TO THE WEST-PHALIAN LIFE-SAVING CORPS WHICH SERVED AT COURRIÈRES.



Photo: I.W.M.
A TRAINING-SHIP ON LAND AT PORTISHEAD.
The Nautical School, to be opened by Princess Christian on May 25, takes the place of the training-ship "Formidable."



Photos, Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft.

THE KAISER'S DANCING HUSSARS: HIS MAJESTY LEADING INTO CREFELD THE PARTNERS HE PROMISED TO THE GIRLS OF THE TOWN.

Two years ago the Kaiser asked the girls of Crefeld whether they liked dancing with the Lieutenants. They said they had no Lieutenants to dance with, so his Majesty promised that he would send them a regiment. Last week he kept his promise, and rode into the town at the head of the 11th Westphalian Hussars, whom he formally presented to the girls. The photograph was taken at the moment when his Majesty was received by the Burgomaster. At the same time the Emperor presented medals to the miners of the Westphalian Life-Saving Corps who volunteered for service in the Courrières mine.



Mr. Clark-Kennedy.

THE COURT OF INQUIRY IN THE PRINCE CONSORT LIBRARY.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

LIEUT.-COL. CUTHBERT AND MR. CLARK-KENNEDY LEAVING THE INQUIRY ROOM.

THE GUARDS' "RAGGING" CASE: THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY AT ALDERSHOT.

On April 4 an official inquiry was begun at Aldershot into the latest "ragging" case. It was alleged that the junior officers of the 1st Scots Guards had court-martialled and maltreated Mr. Clark-Kennedy, a Probationer Second-Lieutenant in the regiment. Colonel Cuthbert admitted in evidence that he had remarked to the Adjutant that Mr. Clark-Kennedy, who was said to have been careless about his person, had better be dealt with by his brother-officers. The subalterns took the hint rather too vigorously and bathed Mr. Clark-Kennedy in motor oil.

THE CANTERBURY WEAVERS: AN OLD INDUSTRY REVIVED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARKE AND HYDE.



THE BEDFORD COAT-OF-ARMS: BY THE CANTERBURY WEAVERS



THE HOME OF THE NEW CANTERBURY WEAVERS, USED FOR THE INDUSTRY IN THE 16th CENTURY.



IMITATIONS OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY BY THE CANTERBURY WEAVERS.



A FINE RESULT OF THE REVIVED INDUSTRY: A CARPET BY THE CANTERBURY WEAVERS.



A FRIEZE AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AT THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.



THE SPINNING WHEEL IN USE AT CANTERBURY.

A CARPET-LOOM AT WORK.

CARPET-WEAVING FROM A COPY.

The colony of French weavers in Canterbury was permitted by Queen Elizabeth to settle there, but before that time Walloon and Flemish refugees had come to Kent. Their descendants carried on the weaving industry, spoke their own language, and kept their own form of worship. The Huguenot church in the crypt of the cathedral is one of the most interesting sights in Canterbury. About ten years ago the craft was revived by two Englishwomen, Miss Phillpotts and Miss Holmes. One of their finest pieces of work is the banner with the Bedford arms, woven for Woburn Abbey to the order of the Duke of Bedford.

NEW PALMS FOR OLD: PALM SUNDAY IN SEVILLE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SEVILLE.

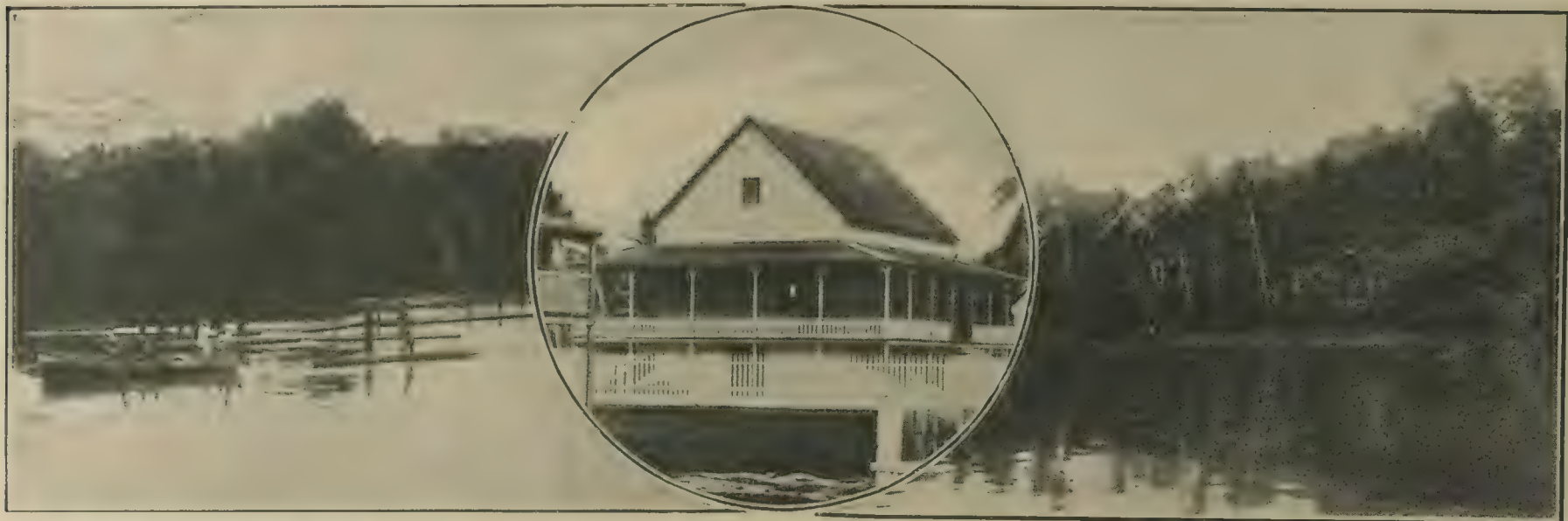


CHANGING LAST YEAR'S PALMS FOR THIS YEAR'S ON THE BALCONY OF A HOUSE.

The palms, wrought in various devices, are brought home after they have been blessed, and are fixed to the front of the house, usually on the balcony if there is one. There they remain for a year, and are not replaced until Palm Sunday comes round again.

THE SALE OF A BRITISH POSSESSION: FANNING ISLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY AND MRS. M. S. WARD.

IN THE PICTURESQUE SOUTH SEAS:
CANOES OFF FANNING ISLAND.THE HOUSE OF MR. GREIG, ONE OF THE
ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS OF THE ISLAND.AROUND THE STILL WATERS OF THE LAGOON:
TROPICAL VEGETATION ON FANNING ISLAND.

GREAT amazement has been caused by the announcement that on April 17 Fanning Island, a British possession, is to be sold. The island, which originally belonged to Messrs. Greig and Bignell, who are now dead, was annexed by the British in 1888. Although it is only a coral reef, the island is of great importance, as it forms one of the principal landing-stations in the All-British Pacific Cable, which links up Vancouver and British Columbia with New Zealand and Queensland. The whole length of the cable is nearly 8000 miles, and it touches first at Fanning Island, 3237 miles from Vancouver. After another stretch of 1895 miles it touches at the Fiji Islands, then at Norfolk Island, and from that point branches run to New Zealand and Queensland. It has been announced from Fiji that a German syndicate, which is probably backed by the Government at Berlin, is prepared to purchase the island. Not unnaturally it is feared that should the station fall into the hands of a foreign power, the working of the All-British Cable might be in danger.

It has been pointed out, on the other hand, that as the sale of the island is being carried out by the representatives of the deceased proprietors, the British sovereignty of the island is no way in danger, and even the acquirement of the place by a German syndicate would not justify the establishment of a

German naval station at Fanning Island. The sale of Heligoland was quite another matter, being an international act that transferred the sovereignty from

one part of the island is rich in a kind of guano. Our illustrations prove that, apart from these industrial considerations, Fanning is, like most of the islands

of the South Seas, a most beautiful and desirable place. It has rich vegetation which comes down in a picturesque fringe to the water's edge, and on the peaceful waters of the lagoon boating and fishing may beguile the trader's leisure. The natives, too, are interesting, and not civilised to grotesque parody of European manners. The central picture shows them engaged in canoe-building after their own ingenious fashion. Of the pleasures of boating on the edge of the reefs, where one sees the wonderful coral gardens, Sir Edgar Boehm has written: "These gardens are most perfect when covered by about three feet of water, and one can stare down into the depths and watch the slender, lily-like flowers wave to and fro in the eddying currents: shrubs with many-coloured leaves spread along the bottom like gaudy Persian rugs; huge masses of coral-like petrified sponges, of pink, brown, blue, and green, form homes for several kinds of fish, one of the most conspicuous and lovely being a tiny fish about the size of our minnow, of a most exquisite bright sapphire-blue, which in the sun becomes a soft turquoise-green. There are also many others of various hues and sizes, the whole forming a scene of ever-changing colour."



THE BOAT-BUILDER'S CRAFT IN THE PACIFIC: NATIVES BUILDING DUG-OUT CANOES.

the British Crown to Germany. Fanning Island is industrially valuable, chiefly on two considerations. In its wide lagoon there is abundant mother-of-pearl, and

blue, which in the sun becomes a soft turquoise-green. There are also many others of various hues and sizes, the whole forming a scene of ever-changing colour.'

THE HAPPY SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS' HOME: A NATIVE DWELLING
ON FANNING ISLAND.IN TOUCH WITH THE MOTHER-COUNTRY: A BRITISH WAR-SHIP
AT FANNING ISLAND.

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE: A GOOD-FRIDAY CEREMONY.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



THE PROCESSION OF THE VIRGIN ON GOOD FRIDAY IN SEVILLE.

In the procession are members of all the monastic brotherhoods, habited in black, in brown, and in white, and all wearing cowls of black. They march beneath a standard inscribed with the ancient symbol of the Roman Republic, S.P.Q.R., and the figure of the Virgin is carried under a magnificent canopy. On the car are hundreds of candles. The procession is flanked by gendarmes, who according to the ritual of the procession carry their left hand on their breast. A descriptive article appears on another page.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

CRITICISM, say criticism of novels, has an inherent fault: the professional critic is never at the right point of view. Novels are not written for him, a weary man, sitting down with a sigh to his batch of brightly-coloured new books. He is bored before he begins, and he is looking out for faults and discrepancies, and marking them with a pencil. When he has enough, and when he has looked at the end, he writes his review.

Even if he be carried away by a new novel, amused and excited, he remains in a wrong frame of mind. He has to pause and weigh the merits and the faults, and turn back to compare one passage with another: in short, the man is not reading for pleasure. Now, novels are aimed at people who are reading for pleasure, without afterthought. Look at a genuine novel-reader, how absorbed she is, *empournée* by her author. She is enjoying herself: the novel has done its duty; she can recommend it to her friends. Is it fair, then, to the novelist when the critic demands from him more than it is his business to give?

These wise thoughts are suggested by an epoch-making discovery which I have just hit on in Homeric criticism. For many centuries people read Homer merely for pleasure; they got what they wanted, in abundance, and saw nothing wrong. To be sure, a few Greek critics, born seven or eight centuries after the poet, men as modern as any professor of to-day, went prying about after mistakes and discrepancies in Homer, and found them, and wrote books about them, which the world willingly let die. They have perished; all but fragments preserved in ancient notes, like Clarendon Press Notes to Shakspeare and Milton. How dismal these are, every schoolgirl knows by bitter experience.

For a century German professors by hundreds (I do not exaggerate) and British professors by tens or fives, have been reading Homer in this wrong-headed way, not for pleasure, but for the picking of holes. The ancient textures they have torn into cabbage-nets. Wherever there is a slight discrepancy, or rather wherever they think they have found one, they make a note of it, and say: "The fellow who wrote *this* passage cannot be the fellow who wrote *that* passage. There were scores of fellows who made up the *Iliad*."

Now comes in my epoch-making discovery. These men do not even understand their foolish business. In the *Iliad*, Achilles, for a fairly good reason, renounces his fealty. He refuses to fight, or let his men fight, some two thousand men, allowing for losses. The Greeks, like Blücher, "get a d—d good licking." Achilles is sorry, he sends his friend Patroclus, at the head of his contingent, out to fight; and to scare the Trojans. Patroclus dresses in the dreaded armour of Achilles. He is slain; his armour is lost. Achilles has none that he can wear, none that fits him, and in a famous book the god Hephestus makes new armour for him.

Now, the professors say that the wearing of the armour of Achilles by Patroclus, and its loss, were not by the original poet. Some other poet wanted to describe a very fine suit of armour, and so the story of the loss of the armour of Achilles was foisted into the *Iliad* merely to lead up to the description of the splendid new suit.

Books, and pamphlets, and essays are written on this absurd theory. There must be money in writing such things, in Germany, or it would not be done. Here there is no money in it, as we are notoriously unscientific.

But, in fact, Homer *did* make an error, no doubt on purpose, with his eyes open. We have heard of the weak point in a play of Fielding's. The actors pointed it out to him; the manager remonstrated; Fielding acknowledged that it was very bad; but he was too lazy to alter the scene. "They won't find it out," he said, in a very noble spirit of contempt for the public. On the first night, being behind the scenes, he heard a tempest of hootings and catcalls. "Hang them!" said Mr. Fielding. "They *have* found it out!"

Homer also, probably, knew his weak point, but he also knew his public. "They won't find it out," he said to himself, and they did not find it out. As far as I have read modern critics, British and foreign, *they* have not found it out.

Here it is: the poet makes Achilles wildly anxious to revenge his dead friend. But he cannot go and do it. The idea of fighting without armour and a huge shield never occurs to *le bouillant Achille*. He boils; but he does not go to the front. "How can I fight?" he says: "my armour is lost. Nobody's armour can I get into, being a big man, but the shield of Ajax; and he, I suppose, is fighting in the van." So Achilles persuades his charming mother, a sea goddess, to induce the god of the smithy to make him a splendid new suit of full armour. Homer wanted to describe that suit; he knew he could do it well, and his description has always been much admired. So he risked it. He made Achilles say that no armour in the camp would fit him, and a fresh set must be made. Homer risked it, and I am not aware that any critic, ancient or modern, has observed that Homer was deliberately talking nonsense. Any schoolboy who has read the case thus plainly stated must see where the absurdity lies. The armour of Achilles fitted Patroclus to a wish. He went out in it and killed a number of young Trojan patriots and a very distinguished Lycian champion, Sarpedon. He could not have done all this if the armour of Achilles had not fitted him to a nicety. Had it been too heavy for him, as the armour of Saul was too loose and heavy for David, Patroclus could have done nothing. But we do not need Euclid to tell us that, if the armour of Achilles fitted Patroclus, that of Patroclus equally fitted Achilles, and was lying handy. There was no need of new armour. Homer knew—but he has never been found out!

CHESS.

C. E. P. J. G. SCARGILL, T. A. E. WILLIAMS, W. F. ROWDEN, and several others.—We much regret No. 3227 has no solution, as you point out. Our previous acknowledgement of correct solutions to this problem was to those who sent the author's solution before we had discovered the mistake.

S. J. (England).—If White play 1. Kt to Kt 8th in No. 3228, the Black King escapes at once. For No. 3227, see notice above.

CYMRU.—In No. 3228, if Black play 1. B to Q 7th, 2. R takes Kt (ch). P takes R, 3. Q takes B mate.

M. A. RAJAM IYENGAR, B.A. (Trichinopoly).—We trust we have given your name correctly this time, and regret the previous mistake. We do not pay for contributions of any kind.

P. DALY.—We have examined your problem and think the Rook at Q R sq is a useless piece, because if P takes Kt, 2. Q takes Q (ch), and mates next move.

J. M. K. LUPTON and ROBIN H. LUGGE.—Problems received with thanks.

E. LOUNS CURY (Toronto).—We shall be happy to give your problem careful examination.

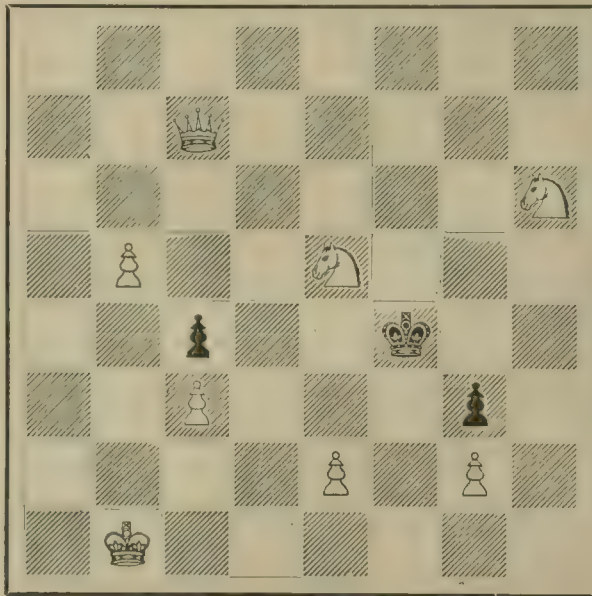
E. J. WINTER WOOD.—It is such a rare event with you that we are afraid we both took too much for granted.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3218 and 3219 received from J. E. (Valparaiso); of No. 3228 from Emile Frau (Lyons), F. H. Nowicki (Austria), and James M. K. Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3229 from Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), P. Daly (Brighton), Frank Wm. Atchinson (Crowthorne), R. C. Lever (Oxford), Emile Frau (Lyons), James M. K. Lupton, and Albert Wolff (Putney); of No. 3230 from C. E. Perugini, Carl Prencke (Hamburg), A. J. Thornhill, Robert Bee, J. G. Scargill (Bromley), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), T. Roberts, James M. K. Lupton (Richmond), H. S. Brandreth (Florence), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), S. J. England (South Woodford), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), G. O. Jackson (Norwood), Emile Frau (Lyons), H. B. Gross (Rome), the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), and E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3231 received from Hereward, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), T. Roberts, J. Poyntz Owen (Brockham), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), F. Henderson (Leeds), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Sorrento, S. J. England (South Woodford), C. S. Thornhill, Shadforth, J. Hopkinson (Derby), W. Heartley-Lewers (Margate), C. E. Perugini, The Tid, R. Worters (Canterbury), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Philip Daly (Brighton), J. Lambert (Liverpool), E. J. Winter-Wood, E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), R. F. Reeves (Highbury), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), and J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3230.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD. The author's key is 1. Q to K 6th; but there is a simple solution in two moves, commencing 1. Kt to Q 3rd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3233.—By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in a match between Messrs. FOX and MARSHALL.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	reduced the enemy to a state of impotence.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	There is no reply left worthy of the name.	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to B 4th		
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Castles			

Some authorities maintain P takes P is the correct continuation, as Black can find no compensation for the sacrifice.

5. Kt to B 3rd B to B 4th
6. B to B 4th (ch) K to R sq
7. Kt to K Kt 5th Q to K sq
8. P takes P
Here, however, it is too late, as Black's next move cleverly shows. Previously the Pawn could be defended by Kt to K 4th, while now P to K 4th dangerously uncovers the King.

9. P to K Kt 4th P to K 3rd
10. K Kt to K 4th P to K Kt 3rd
11. Kt takes B P takes Kt
12. P to Kt 5th Q to Kt 3rd
13. K to R sq Kt to K R 4th
14. R to K Kt sq Kt to Q 5th
15. B to Q 5th P to B 3rd

By a few vigorous strokes Black has

Game played in the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, between Messrs. MAROCZY and HANHAM.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	25. Q to Kt sq	P takes P
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	26. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 4th
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 3rd		
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
5. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q R 3rd		
7. R to B sq			

As Castling Queen's Rook is useful in this opening, White does not hesitate to bring his King's Rook into action.

7. P to B 5th Kt to Q R 4th
8. B to K Kt 5th P to B 3rd
9. P to Q R 3rd Kt takes B
10. P takes Kt P to Kt 4th
11. P takes Kt
Preparing for a counter-attack should White Castle, but the move is of doubtful value.

12. Q to K 2nd Q to K 2nd
13. Kt to Q 2nd B to K 2nd
14. P to K Kt 4th B to Q sq
The time lost over the manoeuvres of this Bishop is finely utilised by White in the advance of his King's wing Pawns.

15. P to K R 4th Q to B 2nd
16. B to K 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
17. P to Kt 5th B to Kt 2nd
18. P to B 6th P takes Q B P
19. P takes P K takes P
20. Q takes P P to Q 4th
21. Q to Q 3rd P to Q 5th
A beautiful piece of chess, surrendering a piece for the sake of position.

22. B takes P P takes B
23. Q takes P (ch) P to B 3rd
24. Castles P to B 4th

27. Kt takes Kt Q takes Kt
28. R to Q 7th (ch) B to K 2nd
29. R takes Q B R takes R (ch)
30. Q takes R R to K B sq
31. Q to Kt 2nd R to B 2nd
32. Kt to Q 5th
White's handling of this part of the game is especially worthy noting.

33. P to B 3rd P to R 3rd
34. R to Kt 6th Q to K 3rd
35. K to B 2nd Q to K 4th
36. Kt to K 3rd B to Q sq
37. R to Q B 6th R to B 5th
38. Kt to B 5th (ch) K to B sq
39. K to Q 3rd K to B sq

Here the King is a fighting factor.

While the Black monarch only stumbles into disaster, A beautiful ending follows this move.

40. R to K 6th (ch) Q takes R
41. Kt to Kt 7 (ch) K to B 2nd
42. Kt takes Q K takes Kt
43. P takes P P takes P
44. Q to R 3rd (ch) K to K 4th
45. Q to Q 7th P to B 5th (ch)
46. K takes P R takes P (ch)
47. K to Q 3rd K to B 5th
48. Q to K B 7th (ch) Resigns.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SCIENCE AND MORALS.

LONG ago I perused a very remarkable book which dealt with what may be called the moral and ethical side of science. Its perusal left a deep impression on my mind to the effect that those philosophers who taught (and still teach us) that science has no concern with ethics at all appear to neglect evidence or considerations which are undoubtedly opposed to their views. The late Professor Huxley, in an Oxford lecture, found that Nature had no ethical system at all. Her business, it was argued, was simply to act with Draconian impartiality in seeing that her children themselves acted for the best, so to speak, in their own interests. Given the "struggle for existence," each organism has to make the most of its chances. If through some phase of evolution it has acquired some advantage or other over its neighbours—some additional protection against enemies, say, or some better and handier way of getting its daily bread, for example—it will come off better in the fight than its less fortunate allies. The latter represent the weaker, who go to the wall.

So it is pictured out for us that the struggle proceeds day by day and hour by hour in the great world of life. There is no reason to doubt the correctness of the delineation. It simply reflects what observation shows and teaches us is Nature's way of managing her affairs. The poet once asked, "Shall gravitation cease if you go by?" and the reply to his question simply involves the stern impartiality of Nature herself. It was some considerations of this kind which no doubt led to the statement that successful living consists in perfect, or at least more or less exact, accommodation of the organism to its environment. Within limits, of course, we can oppose gravitation, for instance; but in the main we require to give this condition our best attention if we desire to keep our place on the earth's surface. The fact is, all our interference with the laws of Nature has its limits, and that interference itself is bounded by conditions beyond which it cannot pass or extend.

Nature, pictured thus as the implacable mother, leaves her children very much to fight things out among themselves. On this view is founded the philosophy which holds that no morals or ethical codes are to be found in Nature's domain. That which regulates human conduct is therefore a something that has been evolved independently of our outside environment, or, in another view, has been begotten by the very struggle in which life perpetually engages. Even in lower life we are able to detect promises and fore-shadowings of the moral code that forms a distinctive feature of human life. Among our animal neighbours the rule of life is not always *saute qui peut*, and "devil take the hindmost." We get examples of mutual aid and help such as suggest to us that if evolution on the one hand implies a struggle, that very conflict has developed the elements out of which a moral code has arisen.

Suppose, on purely utilitarian grounds, we find it wise to refrain from injuring our fellows, by reason of the plain fact that in turn they appreciate the advantage of our refraining from injuring them, we might legitimately regard that ethical system as itself representing a product of the evolutionary struggle. In this sense, then, is it not a reasonable enough argument to assert that Nature does provide a moral system after all? We can graft on elementary ethics the noblest motives which can animate mankind. It is the *premier pas* here as elsewhere which is required to start the moral evolution which, seen in embryo in the mutual aid of the ant or bee community, culminates in the conduct of our own lives.

I confess that these reflections have been suggested by the publication in our journals of statements regarding an American proposition or movement of a kind demanding serious consideration. The proposition is that it should be made lawful for medical men to carry out euthanasia in the case of persons suffering from painful incurable disease, provided the patients insisted upon being thus relieved of their sufferings. This is not the first occasion on which such a topic has been debated. The prospect of, say, a case of incurable painful cancer might very aptly raise in the mind the question whether it were "better not to be." The argument has been pushed further afield. Your life is your own, it is argued, to do with as you please—to continue to dwell in the world, or at your own will to cross the bourne whence no traveller returns.

Thinkers, past and present, have been found to defend suicide as a kind of personal prerogative, the existing law notwithstanding; and so, on parallel lines, the other question of ending a life hopeless of happiness and of escape from dire disease, has been argued for as a moral right. Whatever ethical considerations are here involved, it is very clear we must rely on ourselves, for Dame Nature will accord us none. The matter rises high in the ethical discussion, for the doctor who might administer the lethal dose, or the chemist who might furnish it to the patient for the latter's use, might very well be regarded as assisting in a conspiracy to murder. Very unlikely is it that any physician would accept the responsibility of ending life, even at the earnest request of his patient.

Besides, you would require a formal jury of doctors in order to decide which cases are those entitling them to euthanasia as a mode of escape from their pains. Again, what of possible mistake where a quietus was given in a case that might have been cured after all? Suppose we returned to the old Spartan code, with its fine disregard of feeling, would not humanity lose much, very much, in the retrogression? We should miss something that makes us very human indeed if our duties to the helpless were ruthlessly abrogated. Charity and love and sympathy would take unto themselves wings, and humanity, to my way of thinking, descend to the level of the brute.

ANDREW WILSON.

BRITISH COMPETITORS FOR THE FORTHCOMING OLYMPIC GAMES.



1. FOR THE LONG JUMP: S. ABRAHAMS, CAMBRIDGE.

2. FOR THE LONG JUMP: P. O'CONNOR.

3. FOR SWIMMING: W. HENRY.

4. FOR THE 400-MÈTRES AND 800-MÈTRES RACE: K. CORNWALLIS.

5. FOR FENCING: E. SELIGMAN, WINNER OF THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP FOR FOILS.

6. FOR THE HIGH JUMP: CON LEAHY.

7. FOR THE FIVE-MILE RACE: E. R. CHURCHILL, CAMBRIDGE.

8. FOR THE 1500-MÈTRES RACE: F. M. EDWARDES.

9. FOR THE 110-MÈTRES HURDLE RACE: A. E. D. ANDERSON, CAMBRIDGE.

10. FOR THE 100-MÈTRES RACE: S. ABRAHAMS.

11. THE STADION FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.

12. FOR THE 1500-MÈTRES WALKING RACE: G. E. LARNER.

13. FOR THE 800-MÈTRES RACE: R. P. CRABBE.



THE SECRET HIDING-PLACE: WITHIN AN ACE OF CAPTURE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

In the days of political and ecclesiastical persecution, nearly every house had its secret chamber, where the pursued could lie concealed often within a hand-breadth of his enemies. In the days when the clergy of the older faith were being hunted down, such secret rooms came to be known as "the priest's hole," and many of these are still to be seen in old English manor-houses.

LONDON FROM THE CLOUDS: A GREAT EASTER HOLIDAY-RESORT SEEN FROM A BALLOON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. SPENCER BROTHERS.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, APRIL 14, 1906.—532

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AS THE BIRDS KNOW IT.

Sir Joseph Paxton, as everyone knows, took the idea of the Crystal Palace from the familiar greenhouse; but no one who has not seen the building from above can realise how like a vast conservatory the Palace is. To the aëronaut it presents one of the most interesting sights of suburban London.

DELIGHTS OF EASTERTIDE TRAVELLING: THE ORDEAL OF THE CUSTOMS.

DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.



"HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?" SIX A.M. AT THE HOOK OF HOLLAND.

For travellers to the Continent the picture needs no description. It will remind them pleasantly of many a chilly landing, after, perhaps, a disastrous voyage, when they have had to submit to the tender mercies of those modern inquisitors the Custom-House officers. But it must be acknowledged that the officials do their duty with considerable circumspection, unless, of course, they have reason to be suspicious. Women, perhaps, like the ordeal least.

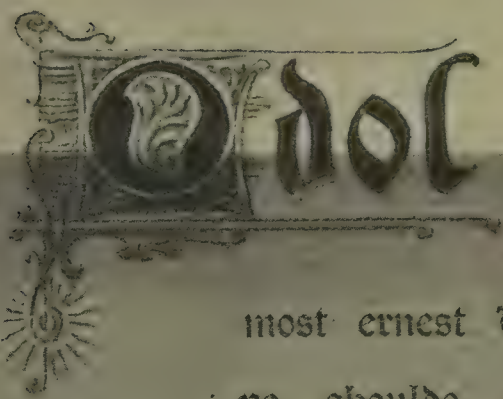
PICTURESQUE INDIA AS SEEN DURING THE RECENT ROYAL TOUR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST LATELY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



DANCING GIRLS AT DELHI

Among the many picturesque scenes in the streets of the Sacred City of India are the dancing girls, who wear a profusion of tinkling jewellery, and the dresses richly ornamented with coins and spangles. They dance to the accompaniment of the Indian violin and the tantom. Mr. Begg writes: "I came across these girls one day a few miles out of Delhi. It happened to be some sort of festival, and in the neighbourhood of one of the many tombs there, a regular Bank-Holiday crowd of natives were all over the place, and among them these dancing girls and their attendant musicians."



Knowe all Menne

by these Presents that we do
you to wytt that yt ys oure

most earnest Wysshe and goode Pleasure that
ye shoulde at all Tymes and in everich
Place tayke goode Hede that ye present yourselves with
Mouthes full clene and eke with Teeth whole and
fayre in Dede to beholde: forasmuch as these be ye sure
foundacyons of ye Helthe both of your Bodyes and of
your Soules. Wherefore moreover we commaund you that
eche and everichone of you before that he layeth hym
downe to sleepe in hys Bedde shall dyligently make clene
hys Teeth and hys Mouth pure: ye whiche ye shall
ye more certaynly perform by ye Use of ye marveylous
and everichwhere renouned Odol, ye whiche ys at ye
Dysposicioun of everich Manne so wel in this Realme of
England as in all Landes elles, and ys
everichwhere helde veryly in grete
Honour of all and hath ye highest Laud.



The date at which a man first becomes acquainted with Odol marks an epoch in his existence. Because from the time when a man begins to cleanse his mouth regularly with Odol a new epoch begins for his teeth, an epoch of health, purity and beauty.

A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

SMILES and tears jostle each other in "The Lady of the Decoration" (Hodder and Stoughton), and the April charm of the "Lady's" letters permeates every page of this attractive, pathetic little love-story. For, of course, it is just a love-story, although its ostensible business is with the experiences of a home-sick young American widow, keeping kindergarten in Hiroshima. She wore an enamelled watch on a pin, and the little Japanese girls took it for an Imperial decoration; hence the designation that preserves her anonymity. She fled to Japan to escape from heart-ache, shipwreck, and disillusion, not at all because she had a "call," and she treated the professional missionary with a lively disrespect; but there were plenty to love her, and the letters, sparkling with the effervescence of a magnetic personality, indicate the reason by a suggestion which, if they are wholly fiction, shows artistic ability of no mean order. Setting aside the revelation of the letter-writer, one of the most absorbing things in the book is its picture of the struggling Japanese in peace and war—the overworked coolie women, the children, staggering under the burden of baby brothers and sisters and still wistfully eager to play; the orderly little soldiers passing, by tens of thousands, to the seat of war. It makes one wonder why we hear so little of how the toiling majority is faring now, in the hard times that even a victorious campaign leaves to the peasant. The "Lady" opened her heart to him, his babies, and his heroic womenkind; and her readers will follow her example.

An "Ode to Wisdom," embalmed in "Clarissa Harlowe," a brace of essays entombed in "The Rambler," a grandiloquent translation of Epictetus, many flattering references in the works of Boswell, Fanny Burney, and Hannah More, are all, if not more than all, that we need to know of "Carter," who

"taught the female train
The deeply wise
are never vain."

That Elizabeth Carters succeeded in teaching this not unuseful lesson is a little doubtful to anyone conversant with the history of the egregious Blue Stocking Club. Not less doubtful is the propriety of the title of her latest biography, "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom," by Mrs. Alice Gausson (Smith, Elder). For the excellence of Mrs. Carter's Greek, Johnson himself vouched: her linguistic prowess was the glory of the Bas Bleu. But even Mrs. Gausson, who writes with an unrestrained enthusiasm, offers no evidence of any wit or of any but a platitudinous wisdom. On one famous occasion Johnson dined at Mrs. Garrick's with Carter, More, and Burney. (The use of the simple surname was Samuel's pretty way, and Carter's "Mrs." was merely a brevet-rank not conferred at the altar.) "What!" said Boswell, "had you them all to yourself, Sir?" "I had them all," quoth Johnson, "as much as they were had; but it might have been better had there been more company there." So this book would have been better had there been more company there. The author confessedly has attempted the Boswell manner, and tells the story of Mrs. Carter's eighty-eight years by a liberal use of quotation. The result is not a little perplexing. It is impossible to say where Mrs. Carter stops and Mrs. Gausson begins. No inverted commas help us to distinguish direct from indirect speech, and Mrs. Gausson has so steeped herself in her subject that she rivals her heroine in her abuse of Johnsonese. To quicken Mrs. Carter's reputation, gentle satire rather than high seriousness was required. We confess that the paramount feeling engendered by the reading of this book is one of renewed sympathy with the Right Hon. Agmondisham Vesey, who was so coldly indifferent to the genius of his wife, the joint founder of the Bas Bleu club, of whom Mrs. Gausson (or Mrs. Carter per Mrs. Gausson?) remarks: "Though there was little of the turbulent in the composition of the sylph (as Mrs. Vesey was called by her friends), the uproar of a stormy sea was as much adapted to her sublime imagination as the soft murmurs of a gliding stream to the gentleness of her temper." We have no heart to admonish the shade of Agmondisham.

The inclusion of the late Mr. Austen Leigh's "Memoir of Jane Austen" in the Eversley series is an action for which readers will be grateful to Messrs. Macmillan. The compact form and clear type of this, the ninth reprint of a work that may now be fairly called a classic, is admirably adapted to the manner of the memoir, with which are included the cancelled chapter of "Persuasion" and other fragments. The sketch of Jane Austen's short life is as succinct, as restrained, as even, we believe, that modest gentlewoman would have wished it to be; it is, in its way, a model record of a quiet life. The Austens came of good stock, neither wealthy nor aristocratic, but scholarly, genuine, sober-living, and affectionate; and Jane, though she knew, as she confesses to a correspondent, "only her own mother tongue, and had read little in that," embodied

the essential spirit of the family in her writings. She was a woman of strong humour, and of a common-sense that was inseparably interwoven with her genius: witness her replies to the correspondent mentioned above, who seems to have been a bookworm of romantic imaginings, when he dangled highly-coloured "ideas" for a new novel before her. Two of her brothers entered the Navy, and rose to be Admirals, which shows that active ability was not missing among the contemporary Austens. Their deaths occurred well on in the Victorian era, many years after their sister was laid to rest in Winchester Cathedral.

The title of "Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Her Letters," by Percy Lubbock (Smith, Elder), leads one to expect less than is contained in the volume, which is, in fact, a fairly complete biography of Mrs. Browning. Her life could hardly be written fully without liberal quotation from the Letters, because in them is embedded the only adequate description of its pivotal event. Nobody could hope to depict the mutual attraction of the two poets, their advance from correspondence to interview, from intellectual sympathy to the triumph of a noble passion, as they have written it themselves. Mr. Lubbock discreetly refuses to discuss the question of the publication of the Letters, though we may gather his view from the use he makes of them. He has incomparable material to his hand, and, on the whole, he has proved himself worthy to deal with it, though we must deprecate the superfluous expressions of his own judgment of Mrs. Browning's poetry. He has confused the functions of the biographer and the critic, and he surveys this early Victorian poet with a certain condescension, while his apologies for her shortcomings as an artist will irritate anyone not too blandly confident that the present point of view is necessarily the best one. If he could be persuaded to delete his opinions—they are parenthetical, after all, and are restricted to the early chapters—he would improve his book. He writes of the married life in Italy with fine feeling and much ability, and the story he tells loses none of its wonder and

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE.

PASSION-TIDE is actually opened at Seville on Passion Sunday (Sunday before Palm Sunday) by means of a sermon which is delivered only once a year on this very occasion in the open air at the foot of the old Moorish tower, the Giralda. The pulpit from which the priest addresses the crowd assembled under the orange blossoms leans against the buildings where Fernando Columbus, the son of Christopher, installed the celebrated library, "Biblioteca Colombina." For many centuries, from this pulpit, illustrious men have spoken to the multitudes—such as Francisco de Borgia, a saint, in the sixteenth century, and even earlier, San Vincente Ferrer, who, after long travels as a missionary through England, France, and Italy, came back to Spain, where in the beginning of the fifteenth century he converted many of the Spanish Jews by his eloquence—in marked contrast to the violent methods of extermination instituted against them, soon after, by Ferdinand the Catholic.

The processions of the *Pasos*, however, are the most striking and attractive features of the solemnities. They begin on Palm Sunday afternoon, and pace slowly through a thronged crowd posted all along the route to the Cathedral, through which they pass, after having saluted the Monumento where the Sacrament is exposed. The figures, which are carried on heavy platforms, supported on the shoulders of twenty to thirty men, belong to the brotherhoods, each of these usually owning two *pasos*. The brotherhoods (*cofradías*), which at one time attained to the number of thirty-three, are still in the present day as many as twenty-nine, and possess altogether fifty-two figures or *pasos*. Some of these are various statues of the Virgin, the greater part, however, are representations of the scenes of Christ's Passion, from the Entrance into Jerusalem, the Agony in the Garden, the betrayal, the judgments before Herod and Pilate, to the Crucifixion and the Descent from the Cross. These figures are of a great artistic beauty, some of them the work of the celebrated carvers of the seventeenth century—the age of Velasquez and Murillo—such as Montañés, who is considered as the best among them.

Most beloved and admired is the Virgin of the *Cigarreras* (women and girls of the tobacco manufactory). Although not so rich as the bull-fighters (*toreros*), who form a special *cofradía* to themselves, nevertheless they succeed in adorning their Virgin with the most splendid garments. She is their pride and love, and none so poor among the *Cigarreras* who would ever refuse to give the contribution demanded from their weekly wages. Highly honoured, too, is their Virgin: the King himself is *hermano mayor* (chief brother) of the *cofradía*, and is represented by a General of the garrison, who, bare-headed and surrounded by his staff, marches behind the *paso* of the Virgin whom they call "of the victory." A military band and a company of soldiers with arms reversed enhance the pomp and display which surrounds the "Virgen de la Victoria."

The rich ladies of Seville manifest their devotion to the Virgin in a more dignified

manner. Besides the magnificent gold-embroidered velvet mantle with which each one of the figures of the Virgin is draped, they adorn their particular one with their finest jewels and most sparkling diamonds. Not only is she crowned, but she wears also necklaces, brooches, bracelets, and her fingers are loaded with the most valuable rings; but whilst the Virgin is glittering gloriously on her pedestal, the noble ladies, "The Children of Mary," follow humbly behind her on foot for nearly eight hours, slowly advancing through the streets all attired in mourning, with the black mantilla covering the head.

The men who belong to the *cofradías* wear a dress which is a reminder of the one in which the victims of the Inquisition were swathed when sent to the stake. It comprises a very high and pointed tapering hood, covered with black cloth which comes down to the waist and masks the face, leaving only two holes for the eyes. also a long loose gown, girded round the waist. The four heralds of each *cofradía*, preceding the brotherhood, carry on their shoulder a trumpet with embroidered coat-of-arms attached to it. White stockings and silver-buckled shoes, black gloves, and a huge massive candle, five to six feet high, complete the disguise.

It is an impressive sight which is afforded—during the procession in the night from Good Friday to Saturday—by these lighted candles glittering in the distance, which, like stars surrounding the moon of an Oriental night, hover round a dazzling focus of lights, grouped on the same pedestal with the figure and at its feet, so as to illuminate the pale face of the weeping Virgin, which assumes the most strange and supernatural expression. High above the heads of the people of Seville twinkle other stars more divine, in a cloudless sky, peeping down into the balmy air of a sweet Andalusian night.

Dawn will soon send forth its first glimmerings! the *cofrades* will blow out their candles, the *pasos* will retire to be housed, and the pointed hoods will vanish. A new day, bright and warm, with Easter chimes ringing down from merry Giralda, will echo to the banks of the Guadalquivir, inviting the faithful to dry all tears and to greet with smiles the coming fêtes and the world-renowned fairs of marvellous Seville.

E. H. MONTEPIC.



THE FOUR HERALDS OF THE COFRADÍA WITH THEIR TRUMPET AND COAT-OF-ARMS.

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE: THE GOOD-FRIDAY PROCESSION.



THE GOOD-FRIDAY PROCESSION ENTERING THE TOWN HALL.

charm in the telling.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant will waste a glorious opportunity if they do not seek to persuade Mr. George Griffith to allow them to base a series of illusions upon his latest novel, "The Mummy and Miss Nitocris" (T. Werner Laurie). There is magic enough in it—magic black, white, and pepper-and-salt—to keep them going for years. For chief character they would have Professor Marmion, once Ma-Rimōn, priest of Amen-Ra, in the city of Memphis, who proves in his own person theories in Abd'el Kasir's "Geometrical Possibilities" (circa 1050 A.D.): "Certain it should be that, beyond or about this World of Length, and Breadth, and Thickness, there is another world, or State of Existence, consisting of these and another dimension of which only those beings who are privileged to enter or dwell in it can have any conception. Now, if this postulate be granted, it follows that a dweller in this State would be freed from those conditions of Time and Space which bind those beings who are confined within the limits of Tri-Dimensional Space, or Existence. For example, he would be able to make himself visible or invisible to us at will by entering into or withdrawing himself from this State, and returning into that of Four Dimensions, whither our eyes could not follow him. . . . Moreover, he could be in two or more places at once. . . . Stranger still, he might be both alive and dead at the same time—since Past, Present, and Future would be all one to him. . . . Think of it, O Maskelyne and Devant! and learn, also, that the Professor can perform minor feats as well—trisection the triangle, square the circle, double the cube, take his ring off by pulling it through his finger, and turn an enemy to dust with a rounded phrase. Remember likewise that this Professor of Professors has a daughter who was once Nitocris, Queen of Middle Egypt, and can return to that state at will, and that there enter into his and her life, "Phadrig, the poor Trader," once Anemen-Ha, priest of ancient Egypt, and Prince Oscar Oscarovitch, once Menkau-Ra, the Conqueror, and that the former is aided in his schemes by the Horus stone, a magnificent emerald, to gaze on which is to be hypnotised, and the ability to suspend the laws of gravity. The latter power Mr. Griffith shares.



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"PEACE! BE STILL."

FROM THE PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

‘HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!’

‘Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.’—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.
—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. ‘He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.’—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

‘I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!’—CARLYLE.

A MAJESTIC AND IMPERISHABLE INHERITANCE. ‘These Divine and Immortal Plays; the embodiment of all the Ages, Wisdom, and Philosophy, and the Majestic and Imperishable Inheritance of the English speaking race, should be read by all young men and women, being as they are Enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of Virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity.’—CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

‘HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.’



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: ‘Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here’s money for my meat.’ Guiderius: ‘Money, youth?’ Arviragus: ‘All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as ‘tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!’

‘It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.’—HELEN FAUCIT.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT!

THE BREAKING OF LAWS. REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

‘RICH FROM THE VERY WANT OF WEALTH, IN HEAVEN’S BEST TREASURES, PEACE AND HEALTH.’

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

“‘Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open’st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.”—STERNE.

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LADIES' PAGES.

EXCEPTIONAL interest has been stirred in Suffolk by the active interposition of ladies on both political sides. Mrs. Harold Pearson, on the Liberal side, was a tower of strength in her personality, being pretty, clever, and bright, and just returned from her honeymoon, and a good platform speaker; while the Conservative candidate's even more romantic situation was reinforced by his lady-love being the "great lady" of the district, Lady Mary Hamilton. Lord Graham's fiancée would have inherited the Dukedom of Hamilton if she had not been a girl; and though the title has passed from her to her late father's distant kinsman, the far more desirable possession of the landed estate and other vast wealth that was previously associated with the Dukedom is hers by her father's bequest. Hence, besides the personal interest attaching to a handsome young lady just past her twenty-first birthday, and newly engaged to a Duke-to-be, Lady Mary has all the influence of being the representative of an ancient family, and the owner of the soil. How great a power is still conveyed by these points may well surprise the "classes," who feared that political freedom for the labourers under the secret voting of the ballot would mean the disestablishment in practical politics of the power of the landlords and the aristocracy. Lady Mary Hamilton will, of course, in time probably be the Duchess of Montrose, as her wedding with the heir to the title, for whom she has been taking such an active part in the election, is fixed for so early a date that she could ask her people for his return to the House of Commons as a wedding present for herself.

When both of the great parties encourage ladies to take such an active share in the election struggle, it surely cannot be long before the absurdity is practically recognised of refusing them the power to perform the far less unfeminine action of casting their own ballots when duly qualified in other respects. A well-balanced mind, cultivated in every part, should be, and is, like a good garden to its owner; it is no more incongruous to take a portion of the thoughts for dress and the cultivation of personal beauty, and another for household service, and then a part for public interests, and yet another for literary culture, or for music or art, or any accomplishment for which the mental soil is specially suitable, than it is for one garden to grow flowers and herbs and table vegetables and luscious fruits. How much can be grown or wisely attempted depends on the size of the garden and the means of cultivation at command, naturally; but it has always seemed to me absurd to suppose that minds of average excellence cannot be made to include many interests and various sorts of ability within their bounds. Lady Mary Hamilton and her competitor, Mrs. Pearson, are a proof that such wide interests are possible nowadays. Lady Mary is, I hear, very accomplished, and has a sweet disposition.



A SMART MAGPIE DRESS.

The smart effect of combining white and black continues to be exploited by fashion. White cloth pipings and buttons finish this black cloth costume.

Her main interest in the lighter way is in sport. She, like her fiancé, cares little for town life and general Society. She has taken over the Mastership of the local harriers, while Lord Graham has been much at sea, and holds a master mariner's certificate, and he also served in the South African campaign. Lady Mary is very like Princess Ena in stately build and classic features. It was a rather amusing detail that Lord Graham did not wish to stand, and only yielded at Lady Mary's personal request made openly at a meeting of the men's association (with Lady Stradbroke in the chair!) at which the candidate was to be selected.

When women do obtain the suffrage, one of the ways in which it will tell probably is in changing, to some extent, the relative importance of topics. The influence of women voters will softly but surely press to the front all questions connected with the home, sanitation, social reform, and child nurture. Just see what happens now—a Pure Beer Bill occupies a long and earnest discussion in the House of Commons, and the time of the Public Courts has been taken up for an extraordinary number of sittings over the thrilling question of "What is Whisky?" But, as the Medical Officer of the City of London has just pointed out, the important question (what most women will think the infinitely more important question) of "What is Pure Milk and how are we to obtain it?" is relegated to silence. The House of Commons now is continually discussing things that essentially do not matter—not much at the moment, and permanently not at all; while there is no attention paid to what does really and permanently concern us all, from high to low, such as food-falsification. Most especially does the adulteration or falsification of milk concern the housewife, because that fluid is the mainstay of the nourishment of young children and of invalids. The jubilee of the discovery of the virtues of coal tar has recently been celebrated by scientific men, but the housewife may feel a little dubious when she is informed

that not only the fine dyes of her children's frocks are thus produced, but that nearly every flavouring essence used in the preparation of food is now obtained from coal-tar. Then, salad oil is not made from the olive, but from cotton-seed. Honey, jams, and syrups are all loaded with mischievous glucose, got often out of old rags. Our meats and game are stale, they have been rubbed with borax; our fish, even our oysters, have been soaked in salicylic acid; and yet it has been conclusively proved that these substances prevent due digestion, and that to consume daily a comparatively small proportion of them produces alarming results on health. But a little worse than all the results of deliberative adulteration is the discovery that has been made by a State Commission in Malta—that milk

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By Appointment to H. M. THE KING.AWARDED
NINE GOLD MEDALS
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GRAND PRIX,
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ORCHESTRELLE CO., the Manufacturers of the PIANOLA.

THE ORCHESTRELLE CO., with its associated houses in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Sydney, &c., is the largest manufacturer of musical instruments in the world.

It possesses a dozen factories in England, America, and Germany, and has agencies in every part of the globe.

Several thousands of men are constantly employed, and the yearly output runs into tens of thousands of instruments.

This gigantic undertaking has grown up within comparatively few years, and its success is mainly due to the Pianola. No home is now complete without a piano, and this is rapidly becoming true of the Pianola. It is the most far-reaching and important musical invention of modern times. The infinite charms and delights of music are no longer unknown in homes where there is a Pianola. That the instrument is of the highest artistic value is evidenced by the reception accorded it by the most famous musicians of the day.

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easy of digestion, most agreeable to take,
simply and quickly made.**

The Allenburys' DIET

This Diet is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, &c., and is particularly adapted to the needs of DYSPEPTICS, INVALIDS, and the AGED. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

The "Allenburys" DIET may be taken with advantage on going to bed in the place of stimulants. Being easily digested, it promotes tranquil and refreshing sleep, free from the depressing reaction in the morning, which often follows the taking of spirits.

For those who cannot readily digest milk the "Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

Although the "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the well-known "Allenburys" Foods for Infants, yet it is also of great value as a restorative food for young children, especially during convalescence.

In Tins at 1/6 and 3/- each, of Chemists, &c.
A large sample posted on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Lombard St., London.

freshly drawn from the udder of an unhealthy animal can contain the germs of fever and convey them to the human consumer. A specific local fever has been proved to be so conveyed. It is difficult indeed for a mother to rear her children under these conditions, be she careful and wise as she may. That flagrant evil of adulteration or undue "preservation," however, can and ought to be put a stop to forthwith by Parliament. There probably never was a time when women so studied to housekeep well and so tried to bring up their children with wisdom; but what is the use if we are not defended by the laws, which alone are able to affect the matter, against these terrible evils in trade?

The Princess of Wales will certainly return impressed deeply with the different degree of freedom and interest in life enjoyed by women in her native land from that allowed to those whom she has visited. Even in Cairo H.R.H. and Lady Cromer alone went to see the Khediveh. Although Egyptian men of education may perhaps often seem at a casual glance on our parts to be almost Europeanised, this is far from the truth, and the ladies there are still strictly hidden in their own rooms, not only in the Mohammedan families, whose seclusion has a semi-religious character, but even among the Christians, the Copts. Such seclusion is still rigidly enforced on the women by husbands who seem to a European lady to be almost as acquiescent in the social intercourse of men and women as Englishmen. The women themselves, as usual, not only accept, but intensify the submission expected from them by their husbands. I was told of Egyptian ladies who refuse to leave their homes at all, even when their husbands would not merely permit them to visit their relatives and other women, but would be glad to have them do so. One case was recounted where a middle-aged woman had never in all her married life stepped so far from her own front door as to see round the corner of her own house. "How beautiful is the lebbek-tree beside your wall!" said her European visitor; and "I have been told so," was the reply of the voluntarily immured mistress of the house.

In India it is so much worse that objections are raised to the women of the different faiths and races meeting one another; and the "Purdah party" that the Princess held in Calcutta was at first loudly deprecated. It turned out to be a great success, but no European ladies were present, besides the Viceroy's wife, Lady Minto, and one lady in attendance on the Princess, with the single exception of a Scotchwoman who knows the native languages extremely well, and who was invited to act as interpreter. Although this and other precautions to prevent any—shall I say contamination?—of the minds of the



WHITE CLOTH TRIMMED WITH BLACK.

A happy effect is obtained in this smart frock of white cloth by the touches of black that decorate the revers and cuffs; the blouse is of Irish lace.

Purdah ladies were taken, some men of high rank objected to the party, and yet more of the ladies accustomed to seclusion dreaded on their own account to join the gathering, and the Princess made known to those who did come, fifty-nine in number, how she appreciated their courage and energy in thus meeting her. Her Royal Highness gave each lady present a medal in commemoration of the event, for such it was to these lonely, hidden women. When the Princess is at Athens her cultivated mind will be filled with memories of the great difference between the women of Sparta in the past and the rest of the Greek women of ancient times, whose position more resembled that of the present-day Indian and Egyptian women, while the Spartan girls were free as air, and it was their sons who made the true glory of Greece.

The Park was well filled last Sunday for Church Parade, but as there was a cold wind, most people wore their furs. Nevertheless, several owners of new corselet gowns would not be denied the opportunity of coming out "in their figures," and certainly most of them looked very nice. The new hats, however, are almost a joke. No doubt, we shall soon get used to them, but at present they are so tiny and perched up at such extraordinary angles, that they are amusing to the last degree. I am struck with the extent to which the milliners are reproducing the ideas of the Second Empire, as shown in the ancient fashion-books, of which I have a collection. The tiny shapes, some of the turban kind, others with flat crowns and infinitesimal brims, are quite of that period. Then the hanging veil, or, better still by far, a single very long and splendid ostrich-feather falling down to the shoulders from the back of an extremely narrow brim, loaded with a wreathing of blossoms—all are reproduced from the crinoline period of the 'sixties. There were several of the superb single ostrich-plumes referred to seen in the Park; they are curled at the stem end pretty closely, but less so as they continue, and the tips almost attain a fringe-like effect. Such plumes have the advantage in some eyes that they are really costly, and the cheaper feather so used is a poor thing; unless you can afford three guineas or so for the ostrich's portion of the design alone, do not attempt one of these long-plumed hats. Some toques are turban-shaped with a wreath of roses set round the apology for a brim, and a feather tip or two falling wildly out over the left ear—or the right ear, for that matter, as several of the newest hats are trimmed on this side. A tilt is given to the whole shape, either from the left side over to the right, or else up from the back of the head to the top of the nose, by the dexterous arrangement of a big bandeau, covered with ribbon bows or with flowers. These attain to eight inches in depth as cachepeignes, and are often more elaborate by far than the top of the hat; the bandeau may have two or three colours in ribbon bows, besides tiny flowers, straw "bosses," and imitation jewels.

FILOMENA.

For Travellers

and those whose journeys may sometimes entail long intervals between meals, a cup of

Cadbury's

Cocoa

will be found most beneficial and refreshing. It is an exceedingly nourishing food-beverage which warms, sustains, and invigorates the system, and affords an ample protection against the rigours and inclemencies of the weather.





WASH-DAY IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Whether the clothes are really clean and wholesome when washed, depends on the purity of the soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

IS ALWAYS PURE.

To employ poor soap to get out the dirt doubles the work, and wears out the clothes. It's like burning the house, to get rid of the mouse.

SUNLIGHT SOAP is a speedy worker, a pure cleaner, and costs no more than common soaps.

ART NOTES.

THE Doré Gallery has stood for what may be called the drama of art. Its name is that of a painter who was a great illustrator and a clever commentator, one who mixed sensation with his paint, whose palette was compounded of the Stage and the Cathedral, and who rendered for us the striking rather than the subtle, the grandiose rather than the sublime. Still, whatever might be urged against his art, Doré was unique. His talent, however flagrant, took him apart; and it has been difficult since his death to find any painter to fill his place with the public. The proprietors of the Gallery are therefore to be congratulated upon their acquisition of two fine groups, emblematic of religion, and wrought in marble and precious metal and precious stones, entitled "Via Vitæ" and "Christus Vincit."

Those to whom symbolism is apparent throughout the earth, and who see in every common object a heavenly sign, are perhaps less patient than others of conscious efforts made by craftsmen to present to us in form and colour the hidden things of the spirit. But as mere craftsmanship these groups at the Doré Gallery are amazing. A sapphire, in the shape of a triangle, may not really add anything to our appreciation of the Trinity; but the thing is beautiful in itself; the intention is at least laudable; and we can respect the thirty years of labour devoted to work in gold, in silver, in precious stones, all in honour of religion. The use of labradorite—famed for its enduring hardness—for the rock on which the church is built "emphasises the fact that the Church is the incorruptible guardian of the doctrine of Christ." So the catalogue says; and on similar didactic lines has the whole work been

conceived and carried out. Any attempt to revive the ancient glories of metal-work and of the lapidary's art is, however, welcome; and these two specimens will make a wide appeal to that large class—not without its justification in the history of art—which likes to see the studio and the sacristy opening out into each other.

delightful canvas; and Diaz and Monticelli can be seen in something like affinity in such canvases as Diaz's "Eastern Ladies in a Wood" and Monticelli's "Ladies with a Dog." But for suggestiveness and richness of colour, Monticelli, in such a mood as is here illustrated, has no peer. Precious stones pale before him; and he translates the colours of atmosphere so well into paint as to throw a doubt on the old saying that everything differs in translation except a Bishop.

At Mr. McLean's gallery in the Haymarket we get always great names, but not always the great exemplification of them secured by Mr. Staats Forbes. We are grateful, however, for what we do get, especially the three landscapes by Harpignies. By way of contrast, English landscape is represented by Mr. Leader's "Mount Edgumbe." We turn with pleasure to Mr. Stott's "Bathers," and to the "Sea Nymph" of Mr. Wetherbee, an artist who has hardly yet come into his dues in the public admiration. Mr. Orchardson's "Jessica" is again to be seen: and there is a fair specimen of the always popular art of Mr. Joseph Farquharson. W. M.

The beautifully designed perambulator illustrated in our last issue should have been credited to the makers, Messrs. Leveson and Sons, of 90 and 92, New Oxford Street, who executed the work for H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck. It is one of the handsomest carriages ever manufactured by a firm that is world-famous for this class of work.

A cheque for £50 has been forwarded to the Japanese Embassy by the Directorate of the Alhambra Company, Limited, with the request that it shall be applied by the Japanese Government in alleviation of the distress now existing through famine in Northern Japan.



VANBRUGH'S CASTLE AT BLACKHEATH. ONCE CALLED THE BASTILLE.

The curious house at Blackheath built by Sir John Vanbrugh, and said to have been modelled to some extent on the Bastille, is soon to be offered for sale. In recent years it has been used as a girls' boarding-school.

The Corots and other pictures by painters of the Barbizon school now on view at the Leicester Gallery form a part of the Staats Forbes collection. If we were to name a favourite among the score or so Corots, it would be "The Forest of St. Cloud"; but all Mr. Staats Forbes's specimens were discriminatingly chosen. Daubigny's portrait of Corot, at work out of doors, wearing his blue blouse and smoking his clay pipe, is another

one of the handsomest carriages ever manufactured by a firm that is world-famous for this class of work.



J. M. BARRIE
says of "CRAVEN,"
"It is the only mixture deserving
the adjective superb."

"Craven"

A perfect blend of pure matured
tobaccos; cool and fragrant, and
of exquisite flavour.

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Hair MEDICAL ADVICE "Tatcho"

MR. GEO. R. SIMS'

DR. COOKE

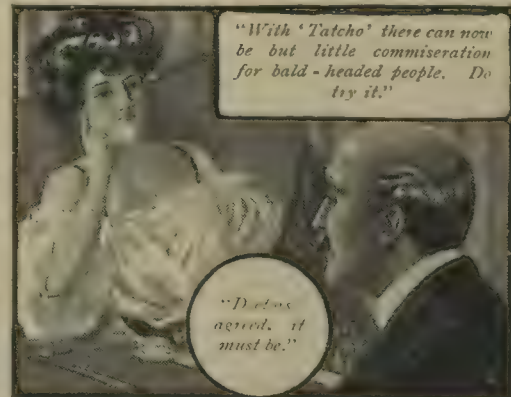
Those who are experiencing loss of hair, and are exercised by the problem what to use with certainty of success, should follow

THE ADVICE OF THE DOCTOR

as strictly as his advice would be followed for physical derangement. The layman cannot determine between the efficiency or non-efficiency of "remedies" unknown or unapproved by the medical profession. The only remedy having this approval

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"Tatcho," which has found a ready welcome among all members of the profession.



"With 'Tatcho' there can now be but little commiseration for bald-headed people. Do try it."

"Doctors agreed, it must be."

Says: "I can speak in high terms of Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' 'TATCHO.' No other treatment for the hair can compare with it. I have recommended it to hundreds of patients and non-patients."

Another well-known practitioner,

DR. HAMILTON,

Writing from the Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, W., says: "I consider 'Tatcho' most excellent for the Hair."

Such are the opinions of noted medical men who have made a study of bacteriology, and know from experience the origin of hair trouble.

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-.

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TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S

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A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

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Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

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Softens Hard Water.

So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME IN DEED."

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ARROL- JOHNSTON.

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(PATENT)
GERM PROOF.
SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION.
MOST EASILY CLEANED.

One of these
Filters fitted to
the main supply
pipe (as shown
in sketch),
ensures a
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pure water.

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BENGER'S FOOD

The flowing
tide of good health

is *given* to the weakly child and *restored* to the invalid, and those suffering from digestive troubles, by Benger's Food.

In its preparation the natural digestive principles are combined in proper proportion with those elements of food which are necessary to restore health and to sustain life.

It assists nature without imposing a task upon the digestive organs.

For this reason Benger's Food is different from all others—it is distinguished by the ease with which it can be digested and absorbed—and is retained and relished when all other foods are rejected.

Benger's Food is therefore to be preferred for infants and invalids, and for those whose digestive powers have become weakened or deranged through illness or advancing years.

Your Doctor knows the composition of Benger's Food.

Sold in tins by Chemists, &c. everywhere.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is proposed to raise a fund for the enlargement of the Grahamstown Training College for Women Teachers, as a memorial to that distinguished Churchwoman, Mother Cecile. At a meeting held last week to promote the fund, the Bishop of London presided, and among the speakers were Canon Scott Holland and Mr. A. Lyttelton, K.C. The Bishop said Mother Cecile had "a self-sacrificing, adventurous and creative spirit.

are ten donors of £1000, including the Marquess of Salisbury and Lord Aldenham. A sum of £48,000 will be required in addition to what the Bishops of Ely, Norwich, and St. Albans propose to surrender for the purpose of forming this new diocese for the counties of Essex and Suffolk.

Arrangements are already being made for the next Church Congress, which will be held at Barrow-in-Furness from October 2 to 5. It is probable that visitors to the Congress will be afforded easy opportunities of

Melbourne, and Adelaide have never yet kept one of their Bishops with them to the end, and no fewer than three past Bishops of Tasmania are now living in England. New Zealand offers a great contrast in this respect. With the exception of Dunedin, every diocese in the colony has its episcopal tomb, and Melanesia has the memory of its martyred Bishop Patteson, whose body was committed to the deep within its waters.

The Bishops of Winchester and Lichfield are taking short holidays during the latter part of April. Bishop

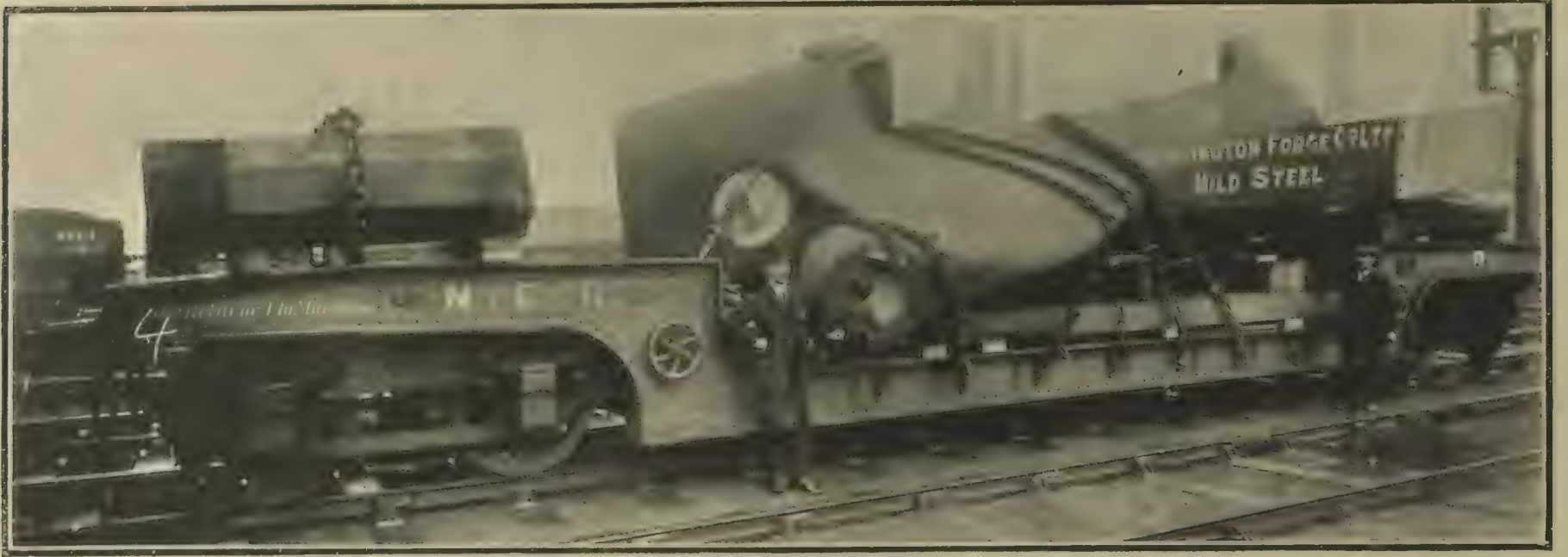


Photo. Coleman.

A UNIQUE RAILWAY LOAD: A CUNARD'S STERN-POST ON ITS SPECIAL TROLLEY.

The huge rudders, stern-frame, and brackets for the two new turbine Cunarders were cast by the Darlington Forge Company. As the aggregate weight of these was nearly 220 tons, they had to be conveyed from Darlington to Wallsend and Clydebank on a specially constructed trolley-wagon. The line was cleared for the conveyance on a recent Sunday. The speed did not exceed three miles an hour.

From very small beginnings she had collected in a few years between seventy and eighty sisters in her community, and in her college had 240 teachers under instruction. Her wisdom was unparalleled, and she was one who could ill be spared."

The fund for establishing a Bishopric for Essex and building a Bishop's house at St. Albans has advanced in the past month from £15,500 to £20,500, though no general appeal has yet been made. There

seeing such interesting places as Furness Abbey, Calder Abbey, St. Bee's Priory, Coniston, Windermere, and Wastwater. The Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Ridgeway) is taking a personal share in arranging the programme of meetings.

The death of the Bishop of Newcastle (New South Wales) has drawn attention, according to an Australian correspondent of the *Guardian*, to the small number of Bishops' graves in Australia. The sees of Sydney,

Chase has moved to Ely, and is to conduct the Three Hours' Service this week at the Cathedral. He also is going abroad later on in the month.

V.

The London and North Western Railway Company have issued their annual list of the principal horse and cattle fairs, agricultural shows, etc., for the current year. This handbook will be found increasingly serviceable to all concerned in the movement of horses and live stock

What is Whisky?

OLD BUSHMILLS

Connoisseurs have held this opinion for over a Century, and the fact has recently been confirmed in a striking manner.—*Vide Press.*

OLD BUSHMILLS IS WHISKY—

The Best Pot Still Whisky.

Can be obtained from all Wine Merchants; or on application to the "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd., Belfast, or to their London Office, 20, Mark Lane, E.C., the address of nearest Agent will be given.



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The best appointed stables in the land owe their distinctiveness and perfect equipment to "Carron" Stable Fittings. Constructed from specially-selected materials, and are most carefully finished and fitted. Special attention is given to sanitation, and in that direction "Carron" Stable Fittings also excel. If you contemplate building or reconstructing your stables, write for

CARRON COMPANY'S No. 54 STABLE FITTINGS CATALOGUE, and wisely insist upon your architect specifying "Carron" Fittings.

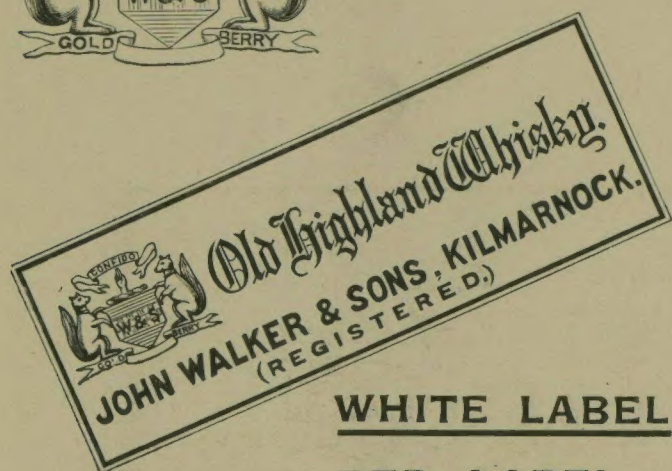
Carron Company also manufacture Ranges, Stoves, Mantels, Grates, Baths, Railings and Gates, and every conceivable description of Iron Goods.

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Flake Tobacco

It is so delightfully fragrant and mild, and it invariably smokes cool and even. There are thousands of men who to-day really enjoy every pipe they smoke—the reason is their tobacco is *Harlequin Flake*. There is a moral in this for you.

Sold Everywhere in 1-oz., 2-oz. & 4-oz. Tins.

GALLAHER, LTD. We belong to no Ring or Combine.



Photography without a Dark Room.

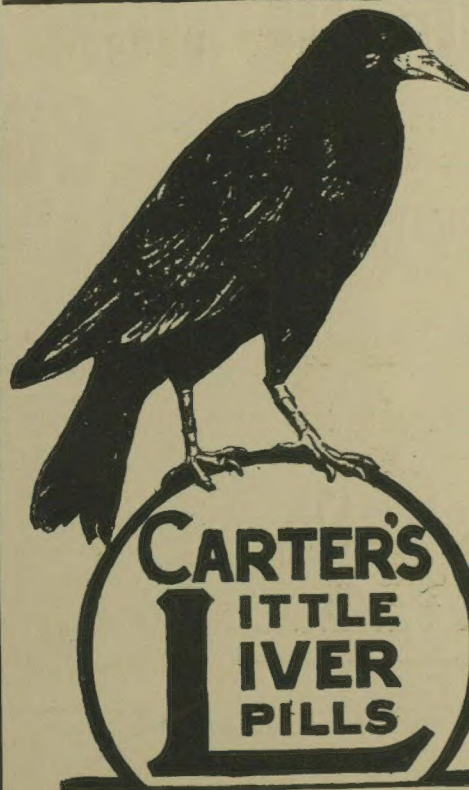
There is an idea in the minds of a good many that photography can be practised only by those possessing considerable knowledge of its technical details; that it is a difficult, messy and costly pastime, requiring a dark room.

How erroneous is this idea, so far as the Kodak method is concerned, is conclusively shown in the new and attractive Kodak Book which, now that the Spring is here, with its bright days and open air life, should be read by all in search of a pleasing and profitable pastime.

The Kodak method is synonymous with light and elegant apparatus, daylight loading and changing, daylight developing and printing, and simple operations which can be mastered by anybody in a few minutes.

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Sugar Coated, Purely Vegetable.
Forty in a Phial. 13½d.

For TORPID LIVER,
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CREAM (For Face Spots, Itching, Burning, Chaps), 1/1½
POWDER (For Redness, Roughness, Toilet, Nursery), 1/-
TOILET SOAP (For Sensitive Skins), 4d., 10d.
WHITE BAR (For Domestic Use and Bath), 3d.



Photo. Stoneham

**PRESENTATION TO THE RETIRING ITALIAN
AMBASSADOR BY THE ITALIAN COLONY IN
LONDON.**

The piece takes the form of a reproduction in sterling silver of the famous marble vase attributed to Lysippus of Sicyon, a Greek artist of about B.C. 300. The original was dug from the ruins of the Tiburtine Villa, the favourite retreat of Hadrian. The replica was designed and executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of London and Sheffield.

by rail, as it not only contains a very complete list of fairs (which is unique in being arranged in dual form—alphabetically and in the order of their dates), but is replete with kindred information of a most useful kind.

For Easter the North London Railway will run trains giving easy access to the City and West-End, Victoria Park and Hackney Marshes, the Zoological Gardens and Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, Kew Gardens (and the river), Richmond (for boating and the park), Bushey Park and Hampton Court Palace, the Crystal Palace, and many other popular holiday resorts.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway announce that special cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 12 to 15, available for return on any day (except day of issue) up to April 17. A special fourteen-day excursion to Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris will be run via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail route, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine. The tickets will be issued on Thursday, April 12, by the morning express services, also by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Good Friday, and Saturday evenings, April 11 to 14.

The Great Eastern Railway announce that, in addition to the tourist, fortnightly, and Thursday, Friday, or Saturday to Monday or Tuesday tickets to the East Coast and the Norfolk Broads districts (Aldeburgh, Clacton, Cromer, Dovercourt, Felixstowe, Gorleston-on-Sea, Harwich, Hunstanton, Lowestoft, Mundesley-on-Sea, Southwold, Walton-on-Naze, Yarmouth), which are issued from Liverpool Street and other London and suburban stations, there will be special excursion bookings on Thursday, April 12, from London (Liverpool Street and suburban stations) to all the principal stations in the Eastern Counties, including Norwich, Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Fakenham; also, by the Cathedral Route, to the principal towns in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, North-Eastern district, and Scotland. Tickets (excursion, ordinary, etc.) can be obtained in advance, at Liverpool Street Station, at the Great Eastern West-End ticket and inquiry office, 12A, Regent Street, and at the company's various City, West End, and other booking offices.



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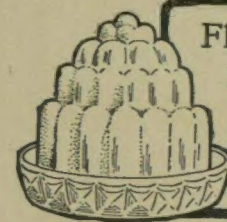
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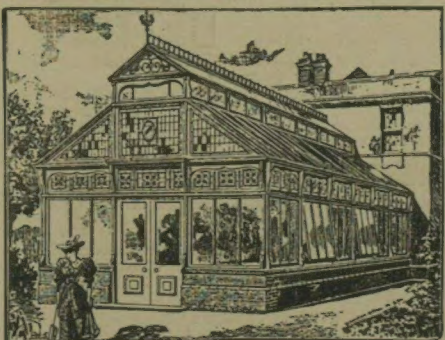
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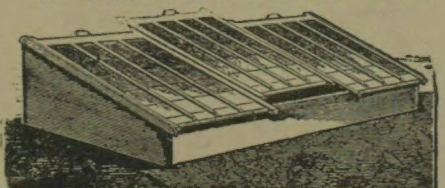
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated April 18, 1891), with two codicils, of MR. ROBERT WHITEHEAD, of Beckett, Shrivensham, Berks, and of Fiume, Austria, the inventor of the well-known torpedo, who died on Nov. 14, was proved on March 31 by James Beethorn Whitehead, the son, James Whitehead, the brother, and Captain Edwin John Payne Gallway, the value of the estate amounting to £454,760. The testator gives £10,000 to his daughter Alice, widow of Count George Hoyos; £10,000, or an annuity of £750, to his daughter, Ellen Drury; £5000 to his son-in-law, Captain Charles Carter Drury, R.N.; £2000 each to his sisters Mary Greenhalgh and Elizabeth Whitehead; £1000 each to his grandchildren; £60 per annum to his brother William; £300 to his brother James; £500 to Captain Gallway; 3000 florins per annum each to his grand-daughters Princess Bismarck and the Baroness von Plessen; and the estate of Campagna, Zandonati, to the children of his daughter Alice. He also gives one fourth of his business, with the plant, stock, etc., in trust, for the children of his deceased son John; one fourth each to his sons James Beethorn and Robert Boville; and one fourth to the persons who succeeded to

the share of his deceased son-in-law, Count George Hoyos. Four tenths of his residuary estate he leaves, in trust, for the children of his son John; and three tenths each to his sons James Beethorn and Robert Boville.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1898) of MR. DOUGLAS HEBSON, of Swarthbeck, Martindale, Westmoreland, who died on Feb. 14, has been proved by William Hugh Parkin, the nephew, the gross value of the property being £43,843. The testator gives £2000 to his housekeeper, Sarah E. Anderson; £1000 each to his cook, Jane Howson, and servant, John Armstrong; and the residue of his property to his nephew.

The will of MISS ELLEN RUSH, of 49, Brunswick Road, Hove, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on March 30 by Mrs. Julia Warre, the sister, the value of the property being £43,181. She bequeaths £1000 to her sister; £2000 to her niece, Frances Mary Rush; £1000 each to the seven children of the Rev. Henry John Rush, but should any of them predecease her their legacy is to be paid to the after-named three charitable institutions, and £100 each to the Sussex County Hospital, the Alexandra Hospital (Brighton), and the School for Daughters of Officers in the Army (at Bath). The residue of her property she leaves to her

sister, Mrs. Warre, for life, and then to her nephews, Bampfylde Drought Warre and Annesley Tyndale Warre, and their issue.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1903) of HENRY EDWARD, FIFTH EARL OF ILCHESTER, of Holland House, Kensington, and Melbury House, Dorchester, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on March 30 by Mary Eleanor Annie, Dowager Countess of Ilchester, the widow, the Hon. Richard Maitland Westenra Dawson, and Colonel Vesey John Dawson, the executors, the value of the estate being £782,980. The testator settles the Holland House and Melbury estates and the remainder of his real and leasehold property on his son, the present Earl of Ilchester, with remainder over to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. He gives £5000, an annuity of £1000 in addition to her jointure of £1400, and the use for life of Abbotsbury Castle, and during her widowhood of Holland House, to his wife; £1000 to Lady Maria Georgina Hood; £500 each to Maurice Nelson Hood and Sybil Hood; £400 to William Howley Wells; £200 to the Hon. Edward Dawson; £500 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his personal property he leaves to his wife for life, and then for his said son.

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